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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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CONTENTS.

Notes of the Week ...	713	Political Evolution ...	725
War Notes	715	Arts and Crafts ...	725
Leading Articles :—		Co-operative Stores and Income-Tax ...	726
Political Ideals	716	The Bull and the Serpent	726
Propaganda	716	The Serbian Point of View	726
T.N.T.	717	The League of Nations	727
Knowledge about India	718	Reviews :—	
The Long Vacation ...	720	An Extinct Volcano ...	728
Loud Laughter ...	721	The Balkans	728
The Function of Revue	722	Little Victims	729
Correspondence :—		Yorkshire in the Making	730
The New Economics	723	The Analytical Mechanism of the Internal Ear	731
Women and the Labour Party	723	Our Library Table ...	732
Income-Tax and Super-Tax	724	Latest Publications ...	734
A Little Sermon on a Bigger Text	724	Finance :—	
An Old-Time Jacobite Parson	724	The City	734
Divide by Eight ...	724		

"THE best part of revenge upon an enemy (think of it, in these days) is not to be like him."
SIR ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"A sound electioneering address," seems to be the verdict on the Prime Minister's deliverance of last Wednesday, and so it was in its way. No politician understands better than Mr. Lloyd George how to mix a political cocktail. "One hundred and fifty ocean pests destroyed, and more than half in the present year," and "in a month's time 350,000 men were thrown across the Channel" are statements that can be condensed into splendid headlines for the once half-penny, now penny press. Yes, the Prime Minister unmistakably understands the man, and as we must not forget nowadays, the woman on the motor-bus. Withal his tribute to the Imperial Navy was uncommonly well conceived, and his eulogy of Maréchal Foch will delight our French allies. Those who think and remember are relieved to find that, warned by past experience, Mr. Lloyd George was not quite as cock-sure as he generally is. He has not been at the front lately, and that is just as well, because he invariably comes back in a spirit of ingenuous and reckless optimism.

Mr. Lloyd George, indeed, threw in a timely warning that the danger is not yet over. It is true that he qualified these words of wisdom by asseverating that "the chance of March 21st will not come again to the Germans." But he made it sufficiently clear that the severance of the British and French forces, followed by the capture of Paris, can be dismissed from the calculations of the most pessimistic of military experts. If we go a little deeper and ask why that "chance of March 21st" did present itself, we get, however, but little information from the Prime Minister. We merely learn that the reserves of the Allied armies as a whole were not available. The answer to this vague pronouncement is that reserves could have been available, (1) if the Government had not shirked its duty in Ireland, and (2) if it had taken into account betimes the futility and fatuity of Kerensky. THE SATURDAY REVIEW denounced Kerensky, and we were menaced with "Dora."

With Allied forces, British among them, in occupation of Archangel and Vladivostock, the Russian passages of Mr. Lloyd George's speech become of much moment. His remark, that there is no one Government in Russia now, sums up the situation fairly enough. There are at least nine Governments and one of them is regicide. We wish that he had made it clearer that he would have no truck whatever with the Bolsheviks. But the presence of Allied expeditions in two great Russian ports virtually settles that point without discussion. What is obscure is our relations with the "friendlies," notably with General Horvath's force in Siberia. As he acts with the Cadets, there might be in him the makings of a competent partisan leader. But if "unity of command" is desirable on the western front, it is even more urgent with the harlequinade which will operate from Vladivostock.

Lord Sydenham knows India, and he is not afraid to speak the truth. Earl Curzon and Lord Islington also know India, but they boggle with the truth. It is preposterous that the "Montagu Report" should be regarded as one of the tables of the law from Mount Sinai. That was, and from Tuesday's debate would still appear to be, the modest demand of this modern Moses. He must be left to settle his differences with Lord Curzon, who declines to regard the business as finished, and admits the necessity of evidence "from all shades of political opinion in India." Lord Sydenham's motion, therefore, for the issue of papers setting forth the views of the provincial Governments and giving a selection from the addresses to the Viceroy comes with an opportuneness that Lord Curzon should be the last to deny.

If we are not greatly mistaken, the native opposition to the Montagu Report will prove to be far more formidable that the Government anticipates. It is likely, too, to take the form of an agitation against the Brahmins; a pretty serious matter. But what does Mr. Montagu care? He rides off on generalities about "a debt of honour" and "a breach of faith." There must be something more dynamic about him than the world at large is prepared to recognise. He seems to have comatized any amount of good-natured Peers and M.P.'s; the Northcliffe press purrs approval, and every Sunday Mr. Garvin indites a first or second or third Book of Montagu. The truth is that this is the age of the hustlers; of the Beaverbrooks and Geddeses. Anyone who is prepared to "do something" gets his way.

No one denies that cellulose acetate is a valuable substance: the question is whether the War Office chemists satisfied themselves that the Swiss compound was better than the French one, made by the Usines de Rhône, or than the British dopes, said to have been offered by United Alkali, and others. The Swiss chemist, Dr. Dreyfus, appears to have been "shepherded" by Colonel Grant Morden, a Canadian

financier, and Messrs. Vickers. The impression produced by the Report of the sub-committee is that political influence, what the Americans call "a pull" was used to obtain from the War Office a contract, which compared with others, was absurdly favourable. The influence of the large armament firms, but particularly Messrs. Vickers, in Government circles we regard as sinister and dangerous. Did the Fresh Issues Committee of the Treasury sanction the expansion of the sixpenny Syndicate with £4,000 capital into the 1918 Company with £3,500,000 capital?

Colonel Sir Matthew Wilson, the member for Bethnal Green, appears to be rather innocent. If he believes that the prestige of England in Egypt is due to the scattering of their money by the Australians, we recommend him to ascertain the facts about the burning of a portion of Cairo, and what the Cairones think of it. Despite of this gallant legislator's opinion that "it is a dangerous precedent to set up Committees to ferret out what is expended by certain Departments," we hope that the "dope" and propaganda expenditure will be sifted and watched. As in the case of the "dopers," so in the matter of the Ministry of Information, there is a suspicion that "rank corruption, mining all within, infects unseen." The Ministry of Information is spending between £1,200,000 and £1,800,000 a year, a prodigious sum, on films and pamphlets and articles in newspapers. At a time when the daily and weekly papers are forbidden to post circulars, or issue handbills, tons and tons of unread leaflets are stacked in the offices of the Ministry of Information.

If any large portion of this expenditure of a million-and-a-half of public money is used to hire eminent journalists and novelists to write up the life of the Prime Minister, and if a gigantic picture play is being produced to represent a party leader as the Saviour of the Empire, it is political corruption. With the exception of the Northcliffe and Beaverbrook press, most newspapers have a hard struggle to make both ends meet during the war. When these journals find that their paper, and their advertising facilities, and their writers, are being taken from them by a Government Press agency, they have just grounds of complaint. A Canadian newspaper has reached us in which an anonymous Colonel, who claims a safe seat in the Dominion House of Commons as a reward of Military Service, ends up a windy article on the war, by the proclamation that three men, and three alone, can save the Empire: Beaverbrook, Northcliffe, and Lloyd George! Hum!

The absurdity of excluding the House of Lords from their power of amending or rejecting Money Bills was illustrated on Monday, when Lords Inchcape and Faringdon delivered masterly speeches on the financial situation. There was a practice in the Florentine Republic of ennobling, and thus excluding from politics, an opponent. We have sometimes thought that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as soon, as he descries a formidable financial critic, procures a peerage for him. Certain it is that the House of Lords now contains all the ablest financial and commercial men of the day. Their advice is invaluable, and it ought to be made effective by allowing the Second Chamber to amend Money Bills. Lord Inchcape thinks we shall have to provide an annual Budget after the war of some £700,000,000 a year, while Lord Faringdon thinks it might be reduced to £500,000,000, by funding the debt on a 4 per cent. basis with a ½ per cent. Sinking Fund. Both these eminent business men agree that production must be increased and consumption diminished. Counsels of perfection!

For how are you to persuade a proletariat, debauched by exorbitant wages and wreckless extravagance of living, and now in possession of supreme political power, to return to the habits of frugality? Lord Faringdon shrewdly observed that education was no doubt an excellent investment, but that he had never found investments paid for with borrowed money to be profitable in the long run. It is not only the interest on the War Debt that we shall be asked to find, but the funds for gigantic housing and secondary education schemes. Exactly where the danger to the monied, landed, and professional classes lies, may be read in Lord Curzon's speech. "Robbery of the Haves by the Have-Nots is coming, because it's got to come: and it's got to come, because it's coming," is the helpless attitude of those who ought to lead the Conservative party. Lord Ashton of Hyde, another successful business man, is right in saying that a Committee or Commission ought to be appointed to inquire into the feasibility of throwing all the burthens on to Capital.

A Clause has been inserted in the Education Bill by the House of Lords prohibiting the employment of children over 12 on Sundays. Do people realise that this will prevent their being employed as "caddies," and practically stop Sunday golf? We are all in such a state of war-exaltation just now that we are apt to sniff at so frivolous a pursuit as golf. But the war cannot last for ever; and Sunday golf is a healthy relaxation for men who are worried and exhausted by the week's work. As for the caddies, it is an innocent way of earning money in pleasant surroundings. It would be much more sensible to prohibit the employment as caddies of men over 18 (unless disabled), because as a blind-alley occupation it is objectionable. The tyranny of the educationist is becoming intolerable.

Lord Rothermere tells us, in his paper, that the war may last three years, and he gives us some good reasons why it probably will. If this prophecy, or anything like it, should be correct, there are a good many things that will have to be changed, and that quickly. First and foremost comes the production of coal, which is as necessary to the war as shells. The shortage of coal at the present time for our Allies and war purposes generally, including the manufacture of coke, upon which the steel output depends, is terrifying. The demand is increasing, the supply decreasing. All colliery managers are agreed that if the miners chose to attend regularly and work decently hard, they could make up the loss of output which will be caused by the last two levies of men that have been taken for the Army. But they attend just as many days as they choose, and in Yorkshire there is a daily absenteeism of over 30 per cent., and three days a week are the average.

The figures given by Lord Somerleyton in the House of Lords a week or two ago, which showed an average attendance of five days a week, are misleading. If you take all classes of workers at a colliery, both those above ground and below, you may get a good average. But the point is to know about the colliery absentees, as the rest of the workers might attend seven days a week without increasing the output of coal. In nearly all parts of the country the married colliers get a regular coal allowance, summer and winter, either without charge or at a nominal price, as part of their wages, and they get this allowance whether they work two or six days a week. They usually get a ton a month in winter, and every six weeks in summer. It does not matter who else goes short, the collier has to get his home-coal in priority to everyone else, and under the rationing scheme he is not touched, but will continue to get his full quantity. No wonder he is callous as to prices, and indifferent as to output.

The delays and difficulties imposed by the various Government departments upon a colliery in its attempts to obtain its everyday requirements are another cause of the diminution of output. Every item of wages has to be approved by the Coal Controller; a winding rope or a haulage rope cannot be ordered without a permit, the demand for which usually entails a long and harassing correspondence, as was pointed out in our correspondence a month ago. Owing to the cost and scarcity of timber, steel girders were substituted, and now the

collieries cannot get them of the statutory length for the "passbyes." Without coal we cannot win the war, and we certainly shall not get the coal for our Allies and ourselves unless changes are made in the administration of the collieries.

The new peers are not troubled with modesty or reverence for the historic assembly into which most of them have bought their way, for no sooner have they taken their seats than they are on their legs. When Lord Wittenham has rendered to the Empire one-tenth part of the services of Lord Milford Haven and Sir Ernest Cassell we shall admit his right to propose their degradation, but not till then. Mr. George Faber was a nullity in the House of Commons, which is a shrewd judge of character and brains: but in the Upper House he fondly hoped he would find a more congenial atmosphere for his talents. He was mistaken, for never was presumptuous vulgarity more promptly punished than by Lords Sandwich and Curzon, and repudiated by the whole House of Lords.

It is a curious fact, which seems to have escaped the notice of politicians and writers, that the Union of Ireland with England was made (1800) at a most critical point in the great war with France; and that it is now attempted to unmake the Union at a most critical point in the great war with Germany. Coleridge observes that had the Union been proposed fourteen years earlier it would have excited "a tumultuous interest"; but it was brought forward in 1800, when our minds were pre-occupied with Buonaparte and the proposals of peace." The languid interest which it did excite (languid compared with the importance and magnitude of the event) is a fact not unworthy the notice of the philosophic historian."

The bagging of one Zeppelin on Monday night, and the severe peppering of another are feathers in the jaunty caps of the Royal Air Service. The forty miles' pursuit must, indeed, have been a "crowded hour of glorious life" for those engaged in it. We confess to finding the communiqués somewhat in need of sub-editing. One stated that the Zeppelins had not "penetrated very far inland"; the next that they were attacked while still at sea. However, the point is hardly worth making. What really matters is that these unwieldy murder-machines, even in the most favourable weather, can meet the fate that overtook Pharaoh and his chariots and his horsemen. "Darkness and composure" are no longer the only remedies.

The torpedoing of the "Warilda" was an act from which the old Man of the Mountain or Thugs would shrink. The usual German lies will, of course, be circulated, which are, alternatively, that the boat had ammunition on board, and that she was blown up by one of our own mines. Let them lie. It is peculiarly pitiful that many of the victims shoud be wounded soldiers on their way to "Blighty" and hospital nurses. But they all set a fine example; and the cry of the men in the bunks, "There's a girl on board; you go up first, missy," will not be forgotten. There is something peculiarly graceful about Tommy's chivalry. It is absolutely unstudied, and yet the exquisite Courts of Versailles or Madrid never produced anything quite so fine.

Bank Holiday was not quite itself; how could it be? The heavens descended during the morning hours, and in the evening came the inevitable outpouring from the railway stations of tired and bedraggled folk who looked little the better for their outing. Under a severely rationed system of train service, holiday making in London is bound to be conducted on the principle of "I have taken you out to enjoy yourself, and you *shall*." They manage these things better in Lancashire, where trips to Blackpool are arranged in relays. London, however, is too unwieldy for that.

WAR NOTES.

Between the local enemy retirements at the beginning of the present week from the west bank of the Ancre and the Avre, and the operations on the Vesle there was a close relationship. The German advance to the line from Montdidier to the east of Arras left this part of their front a deep salient, and, with the Allies holding from near Montdidier to Craonne, a salient not too secure. The attack of May 27th formed therefore the sequel of that first advance, and the more so since, after the operations in April round Ypres, the attack of May 27th could be undertaken with greater confidence. It was natural that, the attack of May 27th having carried the enemy as far south as the Marne, he should, taking his estimate of the situation, strive to develop what, despite his check north of Compiegne, he reckoned his success.

The present bearing of this point is important, because so long as the Germans occupy their existing line between Montdidier and Arras it is as much against their interests to fall back upon the Craonne ridge, as it was consonant with their interests in May to push the Allies well south of the Aisne. If in order to do that they then considered it worth while to employ and risk large forces, not less is it now necessary to resist being thrown back. Indeed, it is the more necessary, for the heavy losses met with since July 15, would leave the enemy, with such a conformation of his front, more than ever insecure.

The Germans are bound in consequence with all available strength to oppose an Allied advance across the Aisne, using the line of the Vesle as an intermediate obstacle as far as possible. This further necessity, however, implies also a further draft upon the German reserves for the purpose, and almost certainly a considerable draft. Hence, it is far from surprising that elsewhere, on the Ancre for example, the enemy should be seeking to economise his dispositions. These facts both dispose of the speculations regarding a great German counter-attack on some other sector, and show perhaps best of all what is meant by the statement that the initiative has passed to the Allied command. The enemy is bound to conform, not locally only, but everywhere.

Now that is the great outstanding fact of the Western campaign. There have been various efforts to obscure its insistance on the skill of the German retirement; suggestions that the retirement was carried out with but little loss; predictions as to the duration of the war, which no man can predict, because it depends upon events; and attempts to revive the controversy about civilian control, which was supposed to have been disposed of by the appointment of a generalissimo. All these are side issues.

Every succeeding day has brought fresh evidence that the enemy intended to remain south of the Aisne if he could. He had accumulated there great stores of material, and made every preparation for a long stay. And he clung to that intention to the very last. It was vital that he should, not merely to his offensive—that is dead—but to his defensive. That he could not, though in his reactions with that aim in view he threw in large reinforcements, is surely the best reply to assertions that his defeat was not severe. The Allied victory has meant not only the definite failure of the German offensive, reducing all its operations including those of March to futility, but, as the course of the campaign will show, has deeply embarrassed the German defence.

Whether by destruction or abandonment, the enemy has suffered a grave wastage of material, and losses of his best troops not less grave. He retired across the Vesle because the Allied pressure was beyond his means to resist. And the retirement was beyond precedent costly, even as precedents go in this war.

POLITICAL IDEALS.

POLITICS being a strictly practical art, the only justification for political ideals is that they make men act and think more nobly than they know. One of the best ways of getting men to behave like gentlemen is to assume that they will do so. In the affairs of everyday life it will always remain an open question whether it is wiser to aim low and hit the mark, or to aim high and miss. But in politics, the conduct of nations, the point is not arguable. The great statesman, who reads their history in a nation's eyes, always sets before them a high ideal, and assumes they will hit it, even when he, with his serene experience, knows that they will not. For instance, a united Empire is a great and useful ideal, even though we know that between the dispersed and different members of that body there may be, and are, under-currents of bitterness, of jealousy, even of irreconcileable objects. The great defect of Gladstone was, that with all his majestic verbiage, his heart was set on petty parochial subjects, always appealing to the lower instead of the higher desires of men. In 1874 he offered to abolish the income-tax if the constituencies would give him a majority, and was soundly beaten for his blunder. The secret of the influence of the two Pitts and of Disraeli, and the reason why their fame has grown steadily after death, is that they appealed boldly to the imperial instincts of an imaginative people.

To no subject are these reflections more applicable than the League of Nations, which, though many of us know that its details will not stand the test of analysis, and that for a long time to come it must be content to meet the ridicule of realists, is nevertheless a worthy ideal, meet to be discussed and aimed at. Nothing is gained by shutting our eyes to its difficulties. Let us discuss them and see if they cannot be, if not got rid of, at least reduced and whittled down. False analogy, and absurd assumption, never helped an idea to win. The League of Nations is generally based on the analogy of a court of law. Just as the individuals in a civilised State give up the right of defending themselves against one another by physical force, why, it is asked, should not the States, the corporate entities, hand over their disputes to a court of international law? The answer is that when the jury have found their verdict, and the judge has passed his sentence, Policeman X takes the culprit by the shoulder and leads him off to the cells. But when a League of twenty or thirty nations are called upon to execute the sentence of an international court against one or two or more nations, how is the sentence to be executed. Some of the twenty or thirty nations will certainly be unwilling or unable to enforce the judgment by war. There is another and equally great difficulty, namely, the composition of the Court of Arbitration. If the Court is to be composed of representatives of the nations interested, it will be impossible to get rid of the bias of nationality, which in its turn will render a just decision impossible. Suppose that a question arose between Great Britain and Japan or the United States, and that the British representative, some Lord Chief Justice or Attorney-General, thought that Japan or America was in the right, and so spoke and voted. What would happen to him in the hands of the modern "patriotic" Press? How he would be denounced, and threatened, until he was finally driven from his office!

We recall the case of Sir Edward Clarke and Venezuela. A dispute had arisen between Great Britain and Venezuela: the United States intervened (insolently enough) on the side of Venezuela: Sir Edward Clarke deprecated hasty action, and opposed the war clamour of the Jingoes. He took a similar line on the South African war, and the consequence was that he was forced to resign, and banished from public life for six years. Few men will face that penalty: and consequently an international tribunal, if composed of the interested nations, will always decide on national lines, in other words, will be useless as a court of justice. If, on the other hand, the international tribunal is to be composed of disinterested representatives, who can imagine England being bound by the verdict of judges from Chili, or Costa Rica, or Greece? There was the case of the Delagoa Bay railway, which we have reason to remember. The Portuguese Government, to whom the territory belonged, took advantage of some squabble over the wording of the contract to seize the line, which had been built by British and American debentures. Lord Salisbury, *more suo*, shrugged his shoulders, and refused to interfere. But the American Government forced Portugal to refer the matter to arbitration. It was referred to three or four Swiss professors, who sat at Berne and took eleven years (they were paid by the day), to deliver their verdict, which left the railway in the hands of the Portuguese Government, and awarded the debenture holders a portion of their arrears of interest. That decision nearly lost us the South African war; it certainly prevented us from winning it in six months, for with Delagoa Bay in our hands the Boers could not have held out. Had the British Government and the people known as much about international politics as they do to-day, this momentous award would never have been accepted.

These are some of the crucial difficulties of a League of Nations resting on the arbitration of an international tribunal. Before an ideal can be brought into touch with practice, it must suffer constant and candid discussion, to see which difficulties are insuperable and which may be overcome or evaded. The same remark applies to a party creed, which is the expression of an ideal. Why has the Conservative party no political ideal, no authoritative creed, or fundamental principles, to which its action in the coming election can be referred? We live in an age of trouble, anxious expectation, and fearful uncertainty: now, if ever, we need that faith and those principles, which have saved England before and will do so again, if enounced and acted upon. There is a power given by principle, by a creed, to every cause, a consistency in the plans, a harmony and combination of the means, and a steadiness in the execution, which never can be successfully resisted by opponents who must be, by the nature of their ideals, divided and distracted, if not at war with one another.

PROPAGANDA.

WE are heartily glad that the House of Commons called the Ministry of Information over the coals last Monday; our only regret is that the debate was so inconclusive. Regarded financially, the wastage on propaganda since the war began may not have been as serious as the profligacy over munitions, but as an index of our capacity for forming a definite policy and carrying out that policy it is a matter for gnashing of teeth. The House had a convenient text in the Report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure which had been published on the previous day. That plain-spoken document told the old sad, silly story. Some three or four separate departments had struggled into being, one of them, under the sapient direction of Mr. C. F. J. Masterman, rejoicing in the grandiose title of the "War Propaganda Bureau." We believe this to have been a body of peculiar ineptitude. These independent literature-mongers spent public money pretty much as they pleased, the control of the Treasury being either evaded or ignored. Despite the tearful injunctions to the public to economise paper that are made from time to time, the output of that commodity was prodigious. In a mission abroad on behalf of the dead Department of Information, Sir Ernest Shackleton discovered, not penguins, but piles of printed stuff, 900 in number and from 50 lbs. to 80 lbs. in weight apiece, lying derelict in a warehouse. Sir Frederick Banbury, the chairman of the special committee of inquiry into the affairs of the Ministry, told the House that among its so-called "literature" was an illustrated life of the Prime Minister. A faithful biography of Bolo or Boy-Ed or Lenin would have been much more to the point.

Taxpayers would submit to all this prodigality with more resignation if they could be persuaded that the

moneys poured forth had been put to any practical use. But that is precisely the point on which the public takes leave to doubt. Mr. Baldwin, Joint Financial Secretary to the Treasury, attempted to disarm opposition by dilating on the value of the journals that are circulated for departmental purposes. Staffs, it would seem, exist at the War Office, Foreign Office, and possibly elsewhere, for the purpose of "milking" the continental papers. Are there not experienced correspondents at Amsterdam, Rome and neutral capitals for that very purpose, and do they not do their duties to the general admiration? It may be that some unguarded remark that had escaped the eye of the German censorship, might also be missed by the trained eyes of those gentlemen, but such a chance is not likely to occur "once in a blue moon," as the man-in-the-street puts it. We are convinced that the money spent on these departmental journals is for the most part money wasted. The stuff, however, that has been dumped on the British public and long-suffering neutrals is a much more flagrant example of how not to do it. From such specimens as have come under our notice, they seem to have been composed by Oxford and Cambridge dons and superannuated journalists. Now University lecturers are excellent people in their way, and even journalists may be permitted to grow old with dignity. The working classes the world over will not put up, however, with subtle disquisitions in which one argument balances another, or windy pronouncements of the "three-decker" type. "Golly! what a paper!" said R. L. S. of *The Athenæum*. "Golly! what propaganda!" say we. What the democracy want are statements, short plain and simple, erring on the side of exaggeration rather than of modesty. They want, in short, the journalism of Mr. Bottomley.

Mr. Baldwin informed the House that the Germans spent on propaganda some seven or eight times more than the £1,200,000 within which Lord Beaverbrook hopes to confine the expenditure of this country. Very likely; but the money is employed to much better purpose. Your Boche may be a somewhat splay-footed diplomatist, but he does understand the creation of an "atmosphere." It was by the German propaganda that the seeds of Bolshevism were sown throughout Russia. It was by the German propaganda, reinforced by the whispers of the Vatican, that Italy came within a little of abysmal disaster. Finally, it is through German propaganda that Spain, to take one neutral out of many, is convinced to this hour that the Allies cannot possibly win, and that the Central Powers cannot by the most untoward combination of circumstances be made to lose. Now this atmosphere, so desirable from the point of view of any belligerent, can be produced by other means than "literature." If the trials of Bolo and his kind have disclosed anything, it is that a good deal can be done by hard cash. It is a much neater dodge to buy up a paper and make it say what you want, than to thrust what are avowedly your own wares upon a people you imperfectly understand. Again, the agent, preferably a native, who can drop hints in public-houses and cafés of the advantages that can follow from helping a particular Power, and the perils that will come from thwarting it, is a much more efficient instrument than leaflets about the League of Nations or pamphlets beginning, "The British Empire's hands are pure. We fight not for ourselves, but for civilization." Neutrals, after all, are governed not by love of humanity, but by their fears. A twenty mile advance on the Western front would be more convincing propaganda than all the eloquence of all the literary Colonels.

Meanwhile Lord Beaverbrook has amalgamated the Buchan-Masterman rabbit-hutches into the Ministry of Information; he is going to work the cinema for all it is worth—and the films derived from Mr. Gerard's book are capital business—and, as becomes a financier, he has surrounded himself with financiers, of whom the presence of Sir Roderick Jones, the managing director of Reuter's, requires more explanation than it received from Mr. Baldwin. Also he hopes to reduce the expenditure from £1,800,000 to £1,200,000. Amen to that! But, if we may venture to criticize his earliest manifestoes without fear of bonds and imprisonment, there is still room for improvement. The other day, for example, there came out a statement about the employment of gas by the Germans, in which Lord Dundonald's plan—sulphur ignited by coke and operating behind a smoke-screen—was said to have been rejected by the Government of the day. This is not correct. Dundonald's plan was rejected by a committee of engineers, presided over by Sir John Burgoyne, on the score of its inhumanity, but it was accepted by an earlier committee consisting of well-known admirals, and, later on, it would have been used against Sebastopol, if its inventor had not come to loggerheads with the War Office over the officers to be employed in the experiment. The Ministry would have been on much stronger ground if it had alluded to the "turning down" of the asphyxiating gases and shells compounded by Lyon Playfair because "they would have been as bad a mode of warfare as poisoning the waters." As we take our facts from such well-known books as 'The Panmure Papers' and 'Lord Playfair's Autobiography,' we presume we are not divulging secrets to the enemy, though we do appear to be conveying information to the Ministry of Information.

T.N.T.

OF all the initial abbreviations with which the war has made us familiar, there is none of deeper significance than that placed at the head of this article, for it has proved death-dealing in many different ways. Trinitro-tolulene, or trotyl, as it is now often called, is a nitro-derivative of the aromatic carbons—a product of coal-tar distillation—that has in the last ten years taken a leading place amongst explosives. It has to a great extent replaced picric acid in the filling of explosive shells, and has been substituted for that acid and for gun-cotton in the charging of submarine mines and torpedoes. Less powerful and violent in its action, than picric acid, it has the advantage of having a lower melting point and of being less sensitive and less apt to form dangerous metallic compounds, and it has therefore been widely adopted in warlike operations by land and sea, and has portentously swollen our casualty lists and those of our allies and enemies. Although less hazardous to handle than dinitrobenzene, which had preceded it as an explosive ingredient, it has been the cause of several disastrous accidents.

But it is not only in actual warfare that trinitrotolulene has proved destructive. It has taken a heavy toll of our munition workers engaged in its manufacture and has been responsible for much disabling and distressing sickness amongst them. Before the war it was scarcely regarded as injurious in its effects, but in February, 1915, a fatality clearly due to its manipulation in a filling factory was reported, and soon thereafter it was generally recognised that it is liable to be poisonous to some of those who work amongst it. A certain susceptibility—that mysterious something which we call idiosyncrasy, seemed to be concerned in enabling it to exert its toxic influence, for out of many thousands coming in contact with it, only a very small minority showed any impairment of health due to it, but the mortality amongst those affected by it, which at one time amounted to 33 per cent., and the alarm created by it, which made fresh labour difficult to obtain, made it a serious menace and called for immediate inquiry.

On the first recognition of T.N.T. poisoning in 1915 the Home Office issued warnings, and suggested what seemed to be suitable precautions, but an erroneous analogy at this time somewhat misdirected the administrative measures adopted. The symptoms of T.N.T. poisoning in the serious and fatal cases in which jaundice was developed very closely resembled those which had been noted arising out of a solvent for cellulose, used in the doping of aeroplanes, and as there could be no doubt that in the latter case it was

by inhaled vapour that the poison made its way into the system, it was inferred that in the former case the pathway of entrance was the same. It was therefore improved ventilation in factories that was mainly trusted to for obviating the evil.

But improved ventilation was ineffectual. During the warm weather of the summer of 1916, co-incident with the extensive preparations for the Somme offensive, a large increase in T.N.T. sickness occurred, and further investigation being undertaken by Dr. Baynam-Moore, F.R.S., and others, it became evident that the poison could invade the body by way of the skin and almost invariably did so, aerial dust and fumes taking no important share in its introduction. The value of ventilation was to blow away dust which might settle on the skin or on food, but while the exposed surfaces of the skin of the workers were constantly smeared with dust it was of quite secondary consequence.

In October, 1916, an advisory committee, consisting of representatives of the Home Office Factory Department, of the Health of Munition Workers Committee, and of the Medical Officers of the Filling Department, was appointed, and the result of its labours is a remarkable illustration of the utility of combined laboratory and practical work. The committee was prompt and zealous and sat daily, and by scientific investigations on the one hand and work-a-day experience on the other, speedily succeeded in framing defensive measures which have proved eminently successful, without diminishing output. They recommended that only persons in good health from 20 to 50 years of age should be employed in T.N.T. manipulation, as it had been found that the mortality amongst workers under 18 years of age showing toxic symptoms, was extraordinarily high, eight out of eleven attacked having died. They insisted that the workers should have an ample supply of nutritious food and should receive half-a-pint of milk daily, which, although not an antidote, was a protective, and now each worker has in lieu of milk a free breakfast consisting of porridge and milk. sausage or egg, bread and butter and tea. They limited the period of continuous employment amongst T.N.T. to a fortnight at a time, followed by a fortnight on some other work before the handling of T.N.T. was resumed. They prescribed "physiological cleanliness," not cleanliness commonly so called, but cleanliness akin to that observed in antiseptic surgery. Special working costumes were provided which were cleaned and renewed at least once a week, and cloak rooms were set apart in which these were changed. Lustrations were made obligatory and frequent, and were facilitated by a copious supply of hot and cold water, with soap, nail brushes and towels, and washing of the hands and face was not enough, special gargling lavatories with numerous basins were built, in which each worker was required to wash out the mouth and throat at lunch hour and after each shift, with a fluid the reverence for which was all the greater because its composition was occult.

The strict observances of the regulations laid down for the protection of the workers and for preventing T.N.T. from entering their bodies by any of the possible channels of absorption, was seen to by women welfare supervisors, who were always on the alert and who saw that all tables, benches, and floors were kept moist by damp-dusting and mopping, so that the powdered T.N.T. was kept down and prevented from contaminating the air. Constant supervision was maintained, not only by the scrutiny of the workers, but by individual examinations, insuring the detection of the poisoning when it occurred in its incipient stage. Whenever the doctor noted pallor of the face and an ashen-grey or bluish colour of the lips, or a yellow tinge in the white or sclerotic of the eye, together with digestive troubles, he directed immediate cessation of work, rest in bed for a few days, with as much fresh air as possible, a diet of milk, fruit and vegetables, and copious libations of barley water, tea and coffee. These measures are generally rapidly restorative, but there are cases more difficult to deal with in which jaundice rapidly declares itself without premonitory symptoms. It is through changes in the blood and degeneration and atrophy of the liver, that T.N.T. poisoning reaches a fatal issue, and when these have reached an advanced stage unobserved the prospect of successful treatment is much diminished. Even in such grave cases, however, recovery under prompt treatment has in many instances taken place.

Either because of the weeding out of the susceptible or because immunity or a judicious caution has been induced, T.N.T. poisoning is rarely seen in those who have been for any length of time at work in T.N.T. factories. Almost all its victims have been employed in these factories for less than four weeks, and only two fatal cases have been reported in which the duration of employment had been more than four months. One or two cases, however, in which the toxic symptoms appeared, some weeks after work had been suspended, suggest that the poison may lie latent for a time in some corporeal retreat, and ultimately emerge in an unexpected way on some unsurmised provocation.

But against all kinds of T.N.T. poisoning, immediate and deferred, the hygienic measures referred to, together with improved methods of working, and the substitutions of mechanical processes for hand labour wherever possible have proved effectual. The danger is past. The risks which the workers who entered this industry had to face, and which multitudes of them faced boldly, no longer exist. The complications which at one time created grave anxiety have been fought. T.N.T. sickness may be said to have been abolished, having declined from 11 per cent. of the operatives in the month of August, 1916, to 1 per cent. in January, 1918. In the six months October to March, 1916-17, there were 169 cases of serious illness due to T.N.T. poisoning, whereas in the corresponding six months of 1917-18 there were only 42 cases. In April of this year there were 4 cases, in May only 1. This is a veritable triumph of medical science and practical sanitation, and justifies the decision of the Minister of Munitions that Factory Medical Officers acting within their powers may now permit continuous employment of operatives engaged in T.N.T. work, which will halve the number of persons coming into actual contact with this explosive.

The Advisory Committee has done its work, and done it ably and expeditiously, and has been dissolved, but Mr. Churchill has appointed a small committee of experts to keep an eye on T.N.T. That committee will instigate and co-ordinate further inquiry and advise on any new departures that fresh knowledge may suggest. Improvements in the treatment of toxic jaundice may still be hoped for, but as regards prophylactics not much remains to be done, although it is possible that more complete protection of the skin than has yet been attained may be secured, by the use of solvents such as benzol or xylol.

KNOWLEDGE ABOUT INDIA.

THERE are few histories of India of convenient size. Orme's History, on which Thackeray, Macaulay and Mill were brought up, is too large for the ordinary reader. Though a storehouse of facts for the past, it is so old as to be only a preparation for the present day student of Indian history. Besides, as India is only a geographical expression denoting a continent covered with scores of races separated by language, religion and custom, either you must read twenty histories, each of different parts of India, or fall back upon a text book. And in these days of Indian reform and of questions on which the future of three hundred millions depends, it is our duty to know something of the early history of India: of the nations it includes, and of its development under British rule. Look at the House of Commons. Is it not obvious from every debate on Indian affairs that of its 670 members, perhaps not 50 know anything of the subject? Yet it is for Parliament to decide what is to be done; and the decisions of self-satisfied ignorance are rarely of much value. Ask the average M.P. to draw a map of India; then ask him to put in correctly the

ten chief rivers, the twenty chief cities, ten of the chief Native States and the outlines of the Presidencies, and see what a hash he, or indeed the average public-school-master, will make of it. The House of Lords is (and often from the result of personal work on the spot) far better informed, as indeed, it is on most subjects of national policy, but the balance of Power has ceased to mean anything, unfortunately, as between the two Houses. Any knowledge about India possessed by the average educated British elector is usually drawn from Rudyard Kipling's novels, from Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings, and, if he has been brought up upon his English Classics, from "The Newcomes" and Thackeray's minor writings. We wonder, even, whether 50 M.P.'s have read the Montagu Report quite through, and studied it? Let us therefore welcome a little book like Mr. Prothero's,* if only as an opsonium to stimulate an appetite for more. It were well besides were Americans to read it, that they may appreciate the intricate difficulties of governing India, and perceive how humanely and, on the whole, how wisely, we have handled the problem.

In the beginning of the Aryan migration to the lands between the Indus and the Saraswati, when the Dravidians, the earliest inhabitants of India, were pushed southwards by the Aryan invaders, there was no caste and no seclusion of women, and marriage was based upon the bride choosing her husband. The epics of this people were the Mahabharat and the Ramayan, their speech Sanskrit, their oldest Sacred Books the Rig Veda. All are pervaded by polytheism, and it was the work of Buddha, (b. 557 B.C.) a contemporary (roughly) of Pythagoras, to create a pure and noble religion. We may think the Great Renunciation, by which Buddha left his wife and child, mistaken. At least it represented a lofty ideal. It is not for nothing that he won upon his wife to become the earliest of Buddhist nuns, or that his system of morality, the Four Noble Truths, should have been based upon the belief that life is agony, and that salvation proceeds from the extinction of self and elimination of the wish to live; that "we are what we have thought"; that it is for every man, in Buddha's death-bed phrase, to work out his own salvation with diligence, and that it is possible to gain it without reference to God or gods.

The first event in the external history of India is its partial conquest by Alexander, including the voyage of his admiral Nearchus down the Indus, and the scheme of the Macedonian statesman, better name, surely, than that barren one of conqueror, as Timur is called, for welding together his vast empire by settlement and intermarriage, thus anticipating the wisdom of the imperial rulers of Rome. But at his death his empire fell apart, and his Eastern successor Seleucus, after a series of defeats at the hands of Chandra Gupta, was fain to make an alliance with his Indian enemy. It is to his ambassador Megasthenes that we owe a description of the Northern India of the day which, in its class divisions, reminds us of the less complicated scheme in Plato's *Republic*. It was Chandra Gupta's grandson Asoka (B.C. 272-318) who first succeeded in bringing most of India under one rule, and who did his best to substitute the purer tenets of Buddhism for the more corrupt Hinduism, with its immense Pantheon and its now developed, and tyrannical, caste system. But his empire was not destined to last, although the account of a Chinese traveller seven hundred years later proves that the influence of his reforms was still felt. It was the onset of the Hun which wrecked the conception of a great Indian empire, and its effects are shown by another Chinese traveller about 600 A.D.

After the empire of the Rajputs came the Mahommedan conquests of India, A.D. 1191, the most important event in her history before the rise of the British Empire. After the Kings of Delhi, whose dynasty was founded by a viceroy of the Emperor Mahommed Ghori, there is the history of Bengal under the Afghan Pathans. Those interested in Mr. Montagu's scheme should study the problem of caste and Kabir's valiant efforts to found a religion, common alike to Hindus and Mahommedans, (circa 1400) based on precepts of justice, mercy and equality of all men in the sight of God. Then came the Mongol irruption under Timur and Chengiz Khan: then the invasion of India by Baber, whose autobiography is fine reading, followed by the reign of the great Akbar, soldier, statesman, architect and dreamer, the most impressive figure in the history of India (we miss a full description by Mr. Prothero of that interesting city, Fatehpur-Sikri, where Akbar composed an excellent religion of his own, by taking pieces out of every other religion he could find); so to the reign of Aurungzebe, as Dryden has taught us to call him, whose career impressed Europe to such a degree as to be made the subject of contemporary tragedies. And through all the history of these earlier ages runs that thread of tragedy deeper than the alien invasions: the incessant wars of race with race, of creed with creed, with worse to come.

The increasing disorder of India could not be disregarded by the Europeans now settled for purposes of trade. The East India Company, whose Charter was granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1600, were forced to intervene. Madras had been purchased in 1639; Bombay, received as the dowry of Catharine of Braganza, became the headquarters of the Company in 1687; Calcutta, which was constantly invaded by the Marathas, was founded in 1690. For good or evil, the British were in India, as they still are, for trade; and commerce needs peace and order. Siraj-ud-daulah takes Calcutta in 1756 and murders 123 people in the Black Hole; Clive defeats the murderer at Plassey and retakes Calcutta. Was he wrong? The East India Company pay the nominal Emperor Shah Alam a vast revenue, and undertake the administration of the country; were they to blame? Warren Hastings saw that the time was past when they could shelter themselves under the pretext of a superior authority in cases of financial injustice; the Directors must "take upon themselves, by the agency of their own servants, the entire care and administration of their revenues." And he carried his point, setting up, side by side with the Collectors, Hindu and Mohammedan, assessors and native judges ensured fair play, and there came a final authority in the shape of the Governor-General and a Supreme Court. That the details were unsatisfactory is not surprising in the case of a scheme so novel and vast; that it was the idea of a fair-minded ruler can be denied by no one who is not carried away by the entrancing rhetoric of Macaulay, who preferred making a good story to recording historical facts in just perspective.

Of the conflicts with Hyder Ali, and with France, with Scindia, the Sikhs, and the Marathas, as of the Mutiny and the Proclamation of the Queen-Empress, we have no space to speak. But to those shallow persons who prate of British "misrule" in India we commend Mr. Prothero's pages on Lord Cornwallis's Permanent Settlement. The "misrule" which deliberately gave up its chief source of revenue to introduce a fairer system of land tenure is of a kind India could have borne more of in her troubled history. Murder, anarchy, dacoity, torture, extortion, suttee, infanticide, Thuggism, are among the troubles of India which British rule has laboured to abolish; was it wrong? Justice, purity of administration, the prevention of public and private feuds and injuries are ideals, not wholly contemptible. Read this little book, and see for yourself; it is your duty as a British citizen. London has its School of Oriental Studies, Oxford its Indian Institute; cannot the benefits of a study of elementary Indian history be extended to boys as well as members of a University, and a knowledge of Indian history supplement that of the Wars of the Roses, or events in her history be set as subjects for prizes?

In a second edition we could urge the deletion of the split infinitives on pp. 123-124; and the insertion of dates in the marginal headings. Lawrence's portrait of Hastings in the National Portrait Gallery might be substituted for the weak half-length by Tilly Kettle.

* An Elementary History of India; by M. Prothero. Blackie & Sons, 1s. 6d. net.

Otherwise we have only praise for a timely little book which should compel its readers to reflect on what India means to us, and the necessity for retaining our sovereignty, not only on moral grounds, but for purposes of trade. The year before the war one-tenth of the value of all our overseas trade was with India. Can we afford to risk that—with the needs for increased revenue from trade to meet our war debts? Let us be honest with ourselves: we need India for trade, let us realize that having won our position by the sword we have been compelled to maintain it by the sheathed sword, to save India, and ourselves, from the perils of racial and religious wars. Let us beware of our habitual vice of sloppy self-deception which fosters the idea of Home Rule for India. We can so easily undermine our position, bring ruin on the country we are, in honour, bound to protect, and, in our own interest, bound to retain for the sake of commerce. If the younger Civil Servants ask that India should be given Home Rule because her climate takes too great a toll of what they are silly enough to think are the "best" brains of Britain to administer her, they have their own remedy. Let them take a little more courage and venture those "best" brains in the rough and tumble of British professions or trade at home. Let others remember that if we left India to herself, India could not keep peace in her own house for a day. Japan might like to try, if we are tired of the work.

THE LONG VACATION.

THE Long Vacation is typical of everything in the legal profession. If one seeks to know what form the fraternity of lawyers may take when the war is over, let him consider the Long Vacation. No other profession has anything like it. What other profession does, or can, shut itself down for ten weeks—it used to be twelve—and bid its clients cease from disturbing during the pleasant summer, until work becomes tolerable again with the coming autumn? Obviously there must be difficulty about introducing changes—using that neutral word for preference and not the controversial word "reforms"—into such a unique profession as this. Yet even the long vacation has been shortened by two weeks since 1883, and changed once by altering its dates of beginning and ending. If such changes as these can be wrought, what other legal institutions may not yet be revolutionised? It is just possible that, but for the war, the curtailing of the Long Vacation might have dated from the year in which the war began. This was three days after the first day of the Long Vacation of 1914, and nine months before that Commissioners appointed to consider that perennial subject, the cause of delays in the Courts of Law, issued a Report recommending that once more a fortnight should be deducted from the length of the Long Vacation. We cannot assert that this change would have come. All that can be said is that it might; and in this, as in so many other instances, the Long Vacation is, as we have said, typical of all that occurs, or may not occur, in the legal profession. If the Long Vacation is to be altered it must wait now until the end of the war. Not that legislation is necessary. All that is needed is a resolution of the Judges and an Order in Council, but differences of opinion prevent that procedure being followed. In the meantime nothing could be more acceptable to those who do not want an abridged Long Vacation than that it should remain as it is; and these are for the most part the Judges, leading Counsel, and the not over numerous body of hard-worked Juniors. Those who would accept the change willingly are the Solicitors in general, whose official body, the Law Society, have voted for curtailment, and many of the Junior bar who get anxious over a long stoppage of their precarious practice.

Whether the public want the change or not is a matter not easy to settle; and there again the Long Vacation is typical of legal affairs. Who can say what the public wants, except what it calls cheap law, a very vague aspiration? Suppose it were canvassed on the question—Shall there be an amalgamation of the two branches of the legal profession, the Solicitors and the Bar? Whatever the result was it would be of no value. Some eminent lawyers have maintained that it would be for the public good if this amalgamation took place. Thirty years ago Sir Edward Clarke, when he had been Solicitor General two years, Lord Alverstone being Attorney General, made a speech before the Birmingham Law Society advocating this amalgamation, with the apparent approval of his audience. But Lord Alverstone, in his 'Recollections,' says that Sir Edward made the speech without consulting him, or, it seems, anyone else; and Sir Edward has never won over any considerable number of his bretheren to his views. It is a matter in which members of both branches of the profession have at most only a more or less tepid interest. Argument is possible on both sides, from the point of view of public interest; but the public knows nothing about this essentially professional subject. Solicitors are well enough content, though the public might think *a priori* they would not be. They can pass easily from one branch to the other. The Junior bar would perhaps profit most from "fusion"; but there was no zeal for it before the war, nor does anything suggest that there will be when the war is over; though possibly it may yet form an item in a programme of reconstruction.

Unfortunately, the admission of women into the law as solicitors and barristers seems as if it were to be taken out of the hands of the profession. It is not to be allowed to be a purely professional matter, where professional knowledge and feeling will decide. Whether this will be a public or professional gain or not has become irrelevant. Feminism having triumphed in politics, seems about to rush the law. Only the bar remains obdurate against the feminine intrusion, and the solicitors merely ask for delay until their young members who would be most injured by the competition of a crowd of women return from the war. Lord Buckmaster's bill for the admission of women as solicitors has passed the House of Lords, and it would be surprising if the House of Commons were less complaisant to the new voters. Legislation has not yet interfered with the privilege of the Inns of Court to call or not to call women to the bar. The benchers, the bar Council, and the main body of the bar will resist as long as the House of Lords and the House of Commons will allow them. Women are now applying for admission to the Inns; but they will be excluded both during and after the war, unless the legislature interferes and destroys the ancient corporate rights and privileges of the Inns of calling to the bar and conferring the status of advocates in the Courts.

It might be that a Ministry of Justice would remould the whole legal system as we now know it. There is something like a strong movement for it amongst solicitors. Many questions which are now and have long been debated between the bench, or the bar, and the solicitors, would be decided by the legislature if a Ministry of Justice were created. The Long Vacation itself is one of these inter-professional questions which are interminable on account of professional discordance. Another is that of the provincial Circuits of the Judges. Since 1875 this question has constantly been discussed, and never satisfactorily settled. It is connected with the larger issue of the centralised administration of the law in London, or its decentralised administration in local Courts such as enlarged County Courts. This is a subject about which the public might have an opinion—it belongs partly to politics. Opinion about divorce, for example, might cause a demand for County Court divorces, and this would affect the Bar practising in the Divorce Court in London; and the Bar in London generally would be affected by a considerable enlarging of the jurisdiction of the County Courts. The professional interests of barristers and solicitors clash at this point, and they are adjusted very unsatisfactorily at present. The antagonism is as likely as ever to continue after the war; and if, in the new zeal for efficiency, important changes were made in

the judicial system both barristers and solicitors would have to submit their fortunes to the political programme of a Government. If a Government representing the spirit of the period were very innovating, a Ministry of Justice would treat these professional antagonisms as secondary, and the present legal system might be re-shaped beyond recognition. Some would gain, and others lose, but there is no reason to suppose that the legal profession in general would lose any of its prestige. It is too essentially connected with the most important and the most remunerative of human functions, that of government; and its members will continue to enjoy more advantages from their political relations than those of any other profession. This is inevitable in spite of carping journalists. Fees will always be large for the few prominent advocates who are worth much to rich clients. They are "inestimable," as a learned Judge lately said of one of them. Law will never be cheap for those who have money. They want the best advocates, as they want the best of everything else, and they will pay the highest competition prices—which indeed they fix by the very fact of their competition.

Yet our new economic conditions must be taken into account. Most of us are poorer, and will be poorer for years to come, on account of the war, and litigation largely depends on the surplus people have to spare. There are Counsel now whose business has gone, or largely decreased, because public bodies have no money to spend in litigation on which they would formerly have entered with a light heart and public funds. When the war is over there will not be the same amount of money to spend as before. The "wages bill" will go down, at least for the "unproductive services," amongst which the law must be reckoned. The palmy days of the middle classes, including the lawyers, are over, and there is no help for it.

LOUD LAUGHTER.

IN loud laughter I hear, as many no doubt have heard before me, the crowing of the victorious cock, the triumphant shout of the savage who has killed his enemy. Ha, ha! it is a cruel gloating sound. And watch the face of the man who gives way to unrestrained laughter. It is convulsed like a devil's, the lips are curled back as are a dog's when he snarls, the teeth shine big and white and fierce, the eyes roll upwards, striving after a still greater superiority. A really hideous sight, if you consider it with the jaundiced eye of the right pessimist.

Laughter, I believe, is always self-satisfied and exultant, even the laughter of children, even the laughter which pure nonsense evokes.

The most obvious, and therefore the best, example of a comical situation is the case of the old fat gentleman who runs after his own hat. This event never fails to provoke mirth. Now mark this. My laughing or not laughing depends wholly upon whether I do or do not believe that the hat is the old gentleman's hat. If I know that it is, I laugh. If I believe that it is, I laugh. If I know that it is not, if, for instance, I have seen the hat blown from someone else's head and know that the old gentleman is chasing a hat not his own out of simple kindliness—then I do not laugh at the old gentleman. There is nothing to laugh at, so far as he is concerned. But I laugh enormously at the fellow whose hat has been blown off. He has had a misfortune. I have not. Therefore I laugh.

Another example is the following, which I have invented to be an illustration to the Chapter "The Comic Situation" in my never-to-be-published book upon the Drama, in sixteen volumes quarto (The Oxford and Cambridge University Press, £8 8s. net).

SCENE:—*A drawing-room in Mayfair.*

Enter A. He gets into a cupboard. Enter B. and C.

B.: I wonder where old A is?

C.: Oh, he is in Honduras.

The audience is absolutely bound to laugh at this point, because it knows that A is in the cupboard and it feels superior to the idiot C., who thinks that A. is in Honduras. Therefore it laughs. Some day I am going to write a play which will introduce this scene, just to prove how obstinate managers can be in refusing to produce dramatic masterpieces.

In these two situations the elements of all laughter are to be seen. We laugh either at misfortune or at folly. That the misfortune or the folly may be our own does not affect the argument. It simply shows that the human mind is capable of self-detachment, that one part of it can enjoy the discomfiture of another part. This is psychologically very interesting, but it is no more wonderful than the phenomenon of self-deception which the human mind very commonly exhibits. That a man should be able to persuade himself that he is acting nobly when he knows quite well that he is doing a shabby thing is almost as incredible a feat as if he were to turn his body inside out; yet all of us are capable of this marvel and never think that it is in the least degree marvellous. And so if I slip on a bit of orange peel and come down not too heavily, I hasten to join in the laughter of the onlookers, thus associating myself with the triumph over me, which their own immunity from misfortune causes them to feel. If I am alone, however, when I fall, it is odds that I do not laugh. If I do, it is because my sense of humour is developed beyond the ordinary.

In the same way the laughter which pure nonsense excites is essentially the ill-natured triumph of the rational, over its eternal adversary the irrational part of our brains. The former perceives an incongruity which the latter has committed and at once sets up its crow of derision, its announcement that a point has been scored in a never-ending war. (Each communiqué from the armies that are fighting to-day is a laugh, in so far as it reports success. When you read the headline, "Enormous German Losses," is there not laughter in your heart, even though your sense of decency may keep you from openly guffawing?)

The laughter which nonsense causes is probably the heartiest, or the least heartless of all, I suppose because it is really the most intellectual. A music hall audience becomes more helpless under the influence of a pair of cross-talk comedians or a spoof expert than any tramp cyclist, however painfully he may seem to fall, can make them; and this shows that the sense of humour is not quite so unkind as it might be. Nevertheless the tramp cyclist, every time he bumps on the stage, makes us roar with laughter; the beast is still very strong in us. I remember two clowns who between them had only one right and one left leg—they each had one crutch—who convulsed two thousand people, me among them, with merriment, but it was a man who broke a whole shopful of plates and dishes, apparently by accident, who scored the greatest success in this kind that I have ever witnessed. That was an orgy of laughter, of the triumph of the Rational over the Irrational. For, in this case, it was not the misfortunes of the waiter on the stage that delighted us; it was simply the futility of all that crockery smashing. Our intellect, detached, neighed with joy as it looked on at the mock reduction to chaos of so much order. Had the thing been real, had we been sitting in a restaurant instead of in a theatre, and had one of the waiters given way suddenly to a mania for plate breaking, hardly any of us would have laughed. But because we knew that the thing was only a game, we were able to be amused by it. Our angel was released from his obligations, and could stand apart holding his sides at the antics of our ape.

This explains, I think, why the Wit of a Comedy makes us laugh mildly; and the Nonsense of a Farce or of two Cross-Talkers makes us roar; why, in short, the more intellectual humour is, the less it causes us to laugh.

In the case of wit, it would appear, the intellect is too busy to let itself go in laughter, but when we have to do with pure nonsense, the triumph of the intellect is so obvious that it can throw caution to the deuce, unbutton its waistcoat and abandon itself utterly to the enjoyment of its victory.

Of all laughter, that of little children is perhaps the cruellest, as it is certainly the prettiest to hear.

This is not a thing which anyone should say who has the smallest regard for his popularity.

THE FUNCTION OF REVUE.

IN discussing Mr. Arnold Bennett's 'The Title,' we regretted that the English stage has normally so little to say on subjects of contemporary interest. We are again reminded of the aloofness of our Theatre from the things that matter to the world at large by the production at the London Pavilion of an English version of "Rip's" "Plus Ca Change"—a revue from the city which invented this species of entertainment and understands precisely how to practise it. Revue, as its name implies, should be a commentary upon the events, fashions and personalities of the day. It presupposes in its audiences an alert and intelligent interest in current affairs. Its methods are allusive and critical. It is a kind of dramatic journalist, and like Journalism itself, it should deal with all sorts of subjects in all sorts of ways. The latest literary and political reputations, the present state of our manners and morals, the ordinary hardships or pleasures of life as conditioned by facts and tendencies of the time—these are the materials of revue. Revue, as an intelligible pastime, is nothing if not personal and contemporary, and it can only flourish where the theatre keeps closely in touch with the things which are discussed at dinner-tables, in smoking-rooms, or over the tea-cups.

Revue in London has no such significance. When we think of revue in London we think of something razzling and dazzling, of legs and tomfoolery, of nondescript entertainments which aim at making a cheerful noise, of productions which introduce plenty of light and colour and pretty dresses whose object is not primarily to conceal the beauties of the human form. There are "topical" interludes in these diversions, but it is significant of the awful professionalism of the English stage that when the English stage is topical it is usually topical about itself. "Artistes" make sly jokes about other "artistes," or impersonate them, or present a burlesque of theatrical manners in general or of some popular play in particular. Even Pellissier (who might have founded a school of English revue if it had occurred to him) was reduced to the "potting" of current plays. When the English theatre is not topical about itself it confines itself to occasional thrusts at the more familiar politicians as known to the newspapers. There is nothing in London to correspond with the Parisian conception of revue—nothing specially evolved to give the theatre a chance of showing that it is socially and intellectually alive and critical. At the Ambassadors Theatre (Mr. C. B. Cochran) and at the Vaudeville (Mr. Harry Grattan) Parisian revue occasionally "preens her feathers and lets grow her wings"; but these are not the entertainments which have given revue, as practised in London, a bad name and hanged it in the estimation of all civilised people.

And now comes Mr. Cochran at the Pavillion trying to show us what revue should be. We have not seen Rip's original composition and we do not know how much of it Mr. Arthur Wimperis has succeeded in salving for English consumption. A revue in Paris cannot be a revue in London, for it is in the nature of revue to be local. The London public could hardly be expected to catch allusions to M. Albert Thomas, M. Bernstein, or the case of M. Malvy. These allusions have to be re-addressed to Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Justice Darling. They necessarily bear the image and superscription of another mind and temperament. Mr. Arthur Wimperis has been called the English "Rip," but this is almost a contradiction in terms. There would be no public for "Rip" in London, and, if we really had an English "Rip," he would have to spend half his time in the Courts defending himself against suits for libel. In Paris they manage these affairs differently. Pistols may be fired (into the air, or with intent to hit somebody) and there the matter ends. There is neither a case of pistols nor a case at law in Mr. Wimperis's innocent allusions at the Pavilion to Sir Thomas Beecham, Mr. Pemberton Billing, Miss Lily Elsie and the rest. We have no doubt that a careful comparison between Rip's 'Plus Ca Change' and Mr. Wimperis's "As You Were" would abundantly illustrate our contention that the English theatre has no real place for revue as practised by the French. The English theatre, like Snug the Joiner, is mightily afraid of frightening the ladies, and when it must roar it will roar at you as gently as a sucking dove. In London we are amused by our neighbours and are sometimes kindly critical of their little weaknesses, but we no not *revue* them. Even when we deliberately set out to practise the French conception of revue we tend to fall back upon the harmless topicalities of the English Christmas pantomime.

We doubt whether Rip's revue would ever have been adapted into English had it not been for the ingenious idea at the back of it and for the sensational dresses of M. Paul Poiret. A rich parvenu living in the year 2018 desires a world where wives are faithful and the nations are at peace. He is transported to Greece in the time of Diogenes, to France in the time of Louis XIV, to a mediæval Court where a Hunzollern is the ruling sovereign. But wherever he goes Delysia is still Delysia and there is a war on. The scheme allows plenty of scope to the modiste, and M. Poiret has not neglected his chances. Even Diogenes wears an Athenian "model" and his tub appears to have been designed by an Athenian Lutyens. The costumier has not had to embarrass himself with chronological considerations either here or elsewhere. Menelaus contrives somehow to be a contemporary of Alexander the Great (no wonder "Rip's" Greeks are troubled with an aliens question!), and Kaiser Wilhelm II. inhabits the 15th century.

It is unfortunate that the Hunzollern scene is not more satisfying. Revue could hardly be better employed than in turning our enemy the ridiculous side without. Mr. Bernard Shaw has done this with some success in 'The Inca of Perusalem,' an ideal scene for a real revue, but somehow allowed to fall quite out of sight and memory after one semi-private performance. In the English version of 'Plus Ca Change' the counts in the indictment of Germany are there, but they are ill or obviously expressed. Surely there is more damaging fun to be made of Tirpitz than merely to call him Turpentine. M. Poiret savagely attires his Prussian ladies in a style (authentic 15th century, we believe) which suggests an undergraduate of indelicate years and realistic leanings making up for the part of Hermione in the first act of 'A Winter's Tale.' "Rip" seems also to have intended mischief. But somehow at the "Pavilion" the satire recoils violently from its object. M. Poiret's costumes are not in this instance to our English taste; and, if "Rip's" original remarks at the expense of the "Hunzollern" were ever lethal, they have lost their deadliness in the process of adaption.

We wish with Mr. Cochran that we could have in London something to correspond with Parisian revue, but we have not yet got it at the Pavilion. It is encouraging to know that Mr. Cochran, who now appears to own half the theatres in London, is himself thoroughly alive to the fact that revue has not as yet had a fair trial in England and that he is anxious to naturalise the *genre* in the English theatre. Mr. Cochran has the means and the ability to succeed where others have failed before him. Revue of the authentic type might be the saving of the English stage at this time. The men of letters have again deserted the theatre, which is subsiding fast into the conventional rut whence it was for a moment lifted during the first years of the new century. Revue might save the theatre by bringing it once more into touch with the things we talk about and read about—with the things in which we are interested as men and women of the world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW ECONOMICS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your readers are aware of the difficulty which must face the Chancellor of the Exchequer in any plans to raise revenue to meet interest and sinking fund on the National Debt. The greatest source of National income now is the Excess Profits tax, which yielded last year three million sterling. This source of Revenue will cease after the war.

There are some who contemplate a considerable revenue from a tariff, but, in my opinion, a yield from this source over and above our present receipts would not afford any appreciable certain revenue over a term of years. It is the hope of those who, like myself, are in favour of Imperial Preference, that the income from a tariff might rather diminish than increase as a result of increased home and Empire production and less importation.

There appear to be only two remaining policies from which very large receipts could be obtained to meet our war indebtedness. The first is what is known as Conscription of Wealth and the second, State participation in the development of Empire resources. Now conscription of wealth would be disastrous to the value of the assets from which the monies were obtained, and its collection from many of the securities in which money has been locked up or invested would be absolutely impossible. I should like to submit the possibility of a great revenue to be raised from Empire Assets. It is here that Imperial Preference opens a great field for mutual benefit of production and employment—mutual assistance in the creation of wealth. Imperial Preference voluntarily accorded by the Dominions to the Mother Country was partly consideration for Security guaranteed by Britain's Naval Supremacy, and indirect payment to an Imperial Defence Fund. Can we carry that conception a stage further, and at the Imperial Council suggest resolutions that, not an indirect, but a direct Defence and Development Fund be created by mutual gift and concession?

The concession should consist in this that in every part of the Empire a few selected articles should be scheduled in every State, Dominion and Dependency in the Empire at a fairly high figure in the Customs Duty, and that those said specified articles grown or produced entirely within the Empire be scheduled, with a large rebate or free of all Duty. The mutual or corresponding gift should be the conveyance of great areas of land, suitable for the production of such specified products, in terms and at prices agreed upon, where production was already developing, and free of all cost where such land is at present uninhabited or uncultivated, to a Board set up by the Imperial Council to be called the Defence and Development Board with authority to hold, until the redemption of bonds issued, all such lands. The Board should have authority to issue specific bonds bearing a low rate of interest and free of all Taxation local or Imperial—the liability for interest in the said lands, until the properties conveyed brought in a rental equal to such interest, to be borne by the British Exchequer. Thereafter (the arrears of interest being credited first to the British Exchequer) the proceeds for the sale of such lands and indirect profits should be held by this Board and one moiety of such proceeds become the Imperial Defence and Development Fund, and the second moiety be paid to the Colonial Government, the Dominion Government, or the Government of the Dependency, in proportion as the proceeds of the land, and sale of the commodity, shewed profits in the books of the said Board. The Sister States would become financially strengthened by participations in the results of sugar, tobacco or wine produced in the Colonies, and would benefit by the Dominion grants to the general funds; it would be to the interest of all to make grants of land to pay their share towards the defence of the Empire.

Our present Prime Minister, in 1909-10, spoke of the possibility of income from what he termed "unearned increment" on land. This increment, he claimed, was brought about by the activity of the community where the land was situated. May I use in this argument Mr. Lloyd-George's expression "unearned increment on land" and develop my argument thereon? We have, in the Empire, enormous tracts of undeveloped land, prairie, forest, and mineral bearing territories—in addition to the wealth contained in the oceans around our shores. The new Economics will be the economic values of these estates, if we can bring them into productiveness. Great tracts of land which are valueless to-day may, by development, by the State for the State, produce a revenue which will enable future Chancellors of the Exchequer to enjoy a greater revenue.

When the areas have been proclaimed the rate of preference should be announced. Should holders of lands not included in the announced areas wish to enjoy such preferential advantages they should be permitted to schedule their land on equitable terms. The Imperial Board should receive Treasury authority, within fixed limits, to pledge British credit in the development of such areas. The question of organizing labour to develop the said areas should be placed in the hands of the Central Emigration Authority which is now being set up. The Board itself should be composed of men in whose capacity and judgment the Empire would have full confidence; the members of the Board should be paid for services rendered, having Civil Servants as secretaries, but the Board itself be composed of men who have special knowledge of shipping, Colonial, commercial and business problems.

Yours obediently,
ALFRED BIGLAND.

House of Commons, S.W.

[We have much pleasure in publishing this able and interesting letter. It is to be feared, however, that no Chancellor of the Exchequer will abandon plans which go upon recognised lines of finance in favour of projects of a speculative value.—ED. S. R.]

WOMEN AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Speaking at Leeds last Saturday, Mr. Athur Henderson frantically appealed to enfranchised women to support the Labour Party at the next General Election. Why this embryo statesman and bitter disappointment to patriot Trade Unionists should expect women's support either in Parliamentary or Council elections is beyond comprehension.

Is this gentleman aware that certain Trade Unions, particularly in the Engineering and Printing industries, have for years past tyranically kept women out of their organisations, also illegally endeavoured to prevent them earning their livelihoods on modern machinery? Soon after the outbreak of war the editor of the *British Printer* courteously permitted me through the medium of his journal to advise girls to learn type-setting as a means of earning their livelihoods instead of overlapping the clerical and type-writing avocations, which at that period were being congested owing to thousands of average educated girls wishing to become clerks, rather than follow other occupations. One would have naturally supposed that the progressive London Compositors' Society would have strongly supported my advice to girls, but notwithstanding that this Society admitted women as members, I was strenuously opposed by its Secretary because of my endeavour to raise the status of women in an industry for which their fingers and general temperaments are peculiarly adapted. In plain words, it was adduced that although the United States and other progressive nations encouraged their women to earn their substenance on the various improved mechanical appliances, Britain should only allow its women to work in the sweated and underpaid branches of mechanical industries. It is true that the war has metamorphosed any aspect of women's service in mechanical and industrial life, but nevertheless a certain section of Trade Unionists are endeavouring to keep women out of skilled trades.

Our Royal Labour Commissions and economic experts have repeatedly stated that the main cause of sweating by alien employees of women's labour was because organised men's unions only left women the dregs of the labour market in spite of their fervent language that the basic principles of Trade Unionism were founded on true democratic ideals.

If Mr. Henderson and his supporters seriously expect women to support the Labour Party, they must openly condemn the action of certain Trade Unionists, who, whilst the nation was in dire peril, almost brought disaster, owing to their unpatriotic actions, and plainly showed that they absolutely cared for nothing beyond their own selfish aggrandisement.

Irrespective of these narrow-minded individuals we have the wealthy middle-class men, who albeit they pose as labour leaders never did a strenuous day's work in their lives. Some of these upholders of Syndicalism and Socialistic propaganda have been a greater source of danger to the nation during prolonged war than the German aliens in our midst.

Let Mr. Henderson and the men, who, in all reason, should not have been entrusted with Cabinet portfolios, put their own house in order before they give unsolicited advice to women electors. Women seek guidance from men of light and leading, not from a certain section of the Labour Party, who long since should have been driven from public life.

ROSA ARMITAGE.

INCOME-TAX AND SUPER-TAX.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In his letter, which appears in your last issue, "A Shareholder" charges me with ignoring his second argument in support of the suggested change of assessing nett instead of gross incomes for super-tax, and only answering his first; but he imputes an altogether wrong motive for this action on my part. The reason for my not replying to this portion of his letter was that it introduced entirely fresh subject matter, which did not in any way affect the contention in my first letter—that the present method of assessing gross income for super-tax could not be rightly termed "grossly unjust"—and as this was my only object in troubling you with a letter, and "A Shareholder" evidently does not dispute this point (but simply enlarges upon his own argument that what he calls the "real rate of income-tax should be accurately proclaimed") I have nothing further to add.

Yours faithfully,

F. DURRANT, F.C.I.S.

A LITTLE SERMON ON A BIGGER TEXT.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Like so many others we were going for a brief and hardly-earned rest over Bank Holiday. We were told that travelling had now become a torture on inquisitorial lines, that it would be next to impossible to procure a taxi-cab, that revolutionary barricades at railway stations necessitated the intending departer's arrival near platforms for at least an hour before the time fixed for the start of the train. In taking our ticket at Harrod's in advance we had ourselves heard frantic ladies booking horse-broughams for fifteen shillings for short journeys as well as witnessed a queue of (apparently) scullery-maids booking first-class fares. We went to the nearest taxi-stand to seoure a vehicle for the morrow's exodus: and we were told by a stunted ruffian with a grey moustache (who also exacted a douceur) that we must pay six shillings for a half-crown fare! "Nos quo Musa tendis?" What does this all mean? Why should the present pampered, unlimited, taxi-cab driver who is supposed to be a servant of the public with prescribed laws, be suffered to blackmail the community and after doing so be insurgently insolent? Only the other day, as may be read in the papers, one of these privileged blackguards assaulted a wounded officer. Only the other evening, to our knowledge, another shouted out to an elderly lady, "If's our turn now; we shall get all the money, and you will have to do all the work." To which she replied with wise moderation, "I am glad we shall do all the work; it could not be worse done." The fact is that the present up-to-date driver of taxi-cabs typifies British Bolshevism in its worst form. He is allowed to go unscathed and unchecked, truculent and termagant, ignorant and impudent. It was not without reason that long ago Bernard Shaw typified this deformed person as the embodiment of the "modern" spirit. What the Fabians prattle in parlours the taxi-Jacobin enacts in the open. There are many exceptions, of course, but this is the rule: "Post equitem sedet atra cura."

As with the Jehu of "democracy," so with the so-called domestic servants who boast that they are paramount. "The day of your order is *hover*," ejaculated a cinema-fed specimen the other day to her mistress. They come and go like ships in the night, and they are pirate-ships with the skull and cross-bones on their banner.

Seriously, something should be done in a law-abiding country. We are not yet Russia, and whatever vote-catching agitators are permitted to vapour, there is a limit to insurrection without risk. In the interest of a holocaust of martyrs we call on the Government to do something in the aid of order without referring the matter to committees and sub-committees (of taxi-cab drivers) or humouring Professor Sidney Webb. They talk of the "white slave" traffic. The whites slaves for the moment are the fares and prey of the taxi-cab driver. The whole world is being called up—to be taxi'd.

Yours faithfully,

W. S.

AN OLD-TIME JACOBITE PARSON.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The war sermons that were preached on Sunday, the 4th August, made me think of an old-time parson named MacQueen who was generally in trouble owing to his Jacobite principles. When he was Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal in Edinburgh, he was deprived of his office by the Convention of Estates, in April, 1689, for not obeying the Proclamation against owning James VII. and praying for William and Mary. Soon after this had happened he was secretly dispatched to the Court of St. Germain's with letters from General Thomas Buchan and the Highland clans, showing the deplorable condition to which they were reduced and imploring assistance for the Jacobite cause.

The Church of Scotland never forgave him, and he found a haven of rest in an English country parish, from which he was appointed in 1698 to St. Mary's Church, Dover, where his loyalty to the Jacobite cause was no less remarkable than his kindness of heart and good nature. The Duke of Marlborough, on landing at Dover from the Continent, in 1714, attended divine service at St. Mary's, on which occasion the worthy minister described the brilliant victories of the English in such glowing terms as to cover Marlborough with confusion, so that he left the Church. MacQueen, however, was equal to the occasion, for he at once said: "My brethren, you see I have been able to do more than all our potent enemies could ever achieve—I have made the noble hero turn his back!"

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

DONALD NORMAN REID.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W. 2.

"DIVIDE BY EIGHT."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The late and great Joseph Chamberlain coined the word 'Tenification' to connote the policy of his Bill to create 10 boroughs in the county of London. The Act created 28 boroughs, but I am not aware that the word "Twenty-eightification" ever came into general use!

So the word "Teneightification" will connote the proposed policy of mutiplying by 10 on the *left* side of the units place of a mixed number, and dividing by 8 on the *right* side as explained in my letter of July 28th.

If we were in the habit of heading each vertical line of figures in a columns of abstract mixed numbers according to 'place-value,' just as in compound arithmetic we head the columns £ s. d., yds. ft. in., lbs. oz. grs., etc., we should write them thus:—

.....	10^3	10^2	10^1	10^0	10^{-1}	10^{-2}	10^{-3}	.....
	1	2	3	4	. 5	6	7	
	7	6	5	4	. 3	2	1	

So, if we adopt "Teneightification" policy, we should head the columns thus:—

.....	10^3	10^2	10^1	10^0	8^{-1}	8^{-2}	8^{-3}	.....
	1	2	3	4	* 5	6	7	
	7	6	5	4	* 3	2	1	

Observe that it makes no difference whether we head the units place, to the octaval point (*), with a 10^0 or an 8^0, for any number "to the power of 0" is equal to Unity, 1. So, whatever subdivisor is selected, whether 10, 8, 12 or 16, etc., we can always carry over complete bunches of subdivisions, calling them 1, 2, 3 . . . etc., just as we carry over bunches of 10 in the usual way when working in the Denary scale of notation throughout on both sides.

Here is the proof of this fact. Let A be *any* number. Then, according to the well-known formula:—

$$A^{m-n} = \frac{A^m}{A^n};$$

Let m=n; then we have:—

$$A^{m-m} = \frac{A^m}{A^n};$$

or $A^0 = 1$.

With complete "Teneightification" of all concrete units and quantities, money and measures, as explained in previous letters, we should need only *one* table, instead of a *legion* of tables, and we should be the happy possessors and users of a real up-to-date compound arithmetic, instead of being so cruelly handicapped as we are now.

If the man-in-the-street, on the office-stool, at the ballot-box, or in Parliament says, "I will none of it," then there nothing for it but to go on stewing in our own old jejune juice and—take the consequences!

EUSTACE G. EDWARDS,
Major, Royal Artillery (retired).

61, Clifton Park Road,
Clifton, Bristol.

POLITICAL EVOLUTION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I hope your outspoken article on "The Northcliffe Comb" will give your readers the wherewithall furiously to think. Whether this thinking can lead to anything really definite is quite another matter, for the outlook is extremely perplexing, and the old parties have got into a hopeless tangle as well as muddle. It is just as well therefore to go back to first principles, and try to find out where we really stand to-day.

Winning the war is, of course, the first point. Without this there is no use talking of anything else. Granting that the war must, and will be won, what then? Has what was formerly the Conservative Party any definite programme to put forward before the country? If so it should be not only formulated but put out and discussed. The danger is that it will sink back into a negative attitude of forlorn defence of old redoubts. Precious time will be lost in this way, and the awakening to the real situation will be too late.

The real solution of the problem seems to be the formation of a Centre Party appealing to the most enlightened public opinion, determined to reform existing abuses and anachronisms, and equally bent upon refusing to play into the hands of ignorant, thoughtless and unscrupulous agitators who have neither the brains nor the characters to mould the future of the Empire. This would require concentration upon absolutely essential points, while secondary questions such as disestablishment of the Church in Wales and elsewhere would fall into the background. A simple programme might thus be drawn up immediately that would form a strong platform for those, both men and women, who want to advance but who look before they leap.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR LOVELL.

94, Park Street,
Grosvenor Square, W. 1.

ARTS AND CRAFTS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Next to the conviction that he belongs to the most wonderful nation in the world's history, the Englishman's most cherished delusion is that nothing English can be good. This is very obvious in regard to art, although a certain amount of interest in painting has been aroused through the war. The layman knows practically nothing of sculpture or architecture, and that little is nearly always wrong. The same applies to the crafts, although English craftsmen are the finest in the world. The public is not entirely to blame for this ignorance, because little has been done to bring the craftsman and the customer together. Few people know where to find the best modern work. The Germans have always set us a good example in this. English travellers could not fail to notice a great deal of good honest work and design mixed with the art nouveau and other tawdry attempts at originality in Berlin. How many of these visitors realised that the inspiration for nearly all the best of this work came from England?

One way to remedy this would be permanent exhibitions in London and provincial centres where the best furniture, decoration, stained glass, carving, bookbinding, printing, pottery, etc., could be seen in the making. This would be a big step forward, but it would not be enough, for however popular good design and workmanship became they could not reach the poor man's home under the present conditions. The designer is mainly to blame for this defect because he has ignored the enormous possibilities of machinery, and the making of our everyday furniture, fittings, crockery, cutlery and other household utensils has been left almost entirely to men who have not studied the conditions, with the result that we have had to put up with what are humorously called "reproductions." The method is to make a lifeless copy of an article several centuries old without any regard to present day needs, the materials used, or the changed processes of making. Worse still is the senseless imitation of one material in another. If the reader is not convinced of what this can lead to, let him call to mind the average municipal park bandstand with its cast-iron flowers oozing in every direction! This does not mean that we must turn our backs on the past. On the contrary, we can help ourselves with both hands, but it is only possible to be a success when the man thoroughly understands his job. The urgent need is not a standard of taste, but a standard of common-sense. This is our opportunity, and probably there never was a time in recent ages when people were more prepared for better things.

Hundreds of men to whom we owe every material blessing are returning to civil life every week. Many of these will have to find new work. Many others who led a drab existence before the war will not tolerate, after all they have gone through, mechanical work that gives no scope for their intelligence. Such men, under the best teachers, could supply the workshop-exhibition with craftsmen. The scheme would require money at the beginning, but it could soon be made self-supporting. Compared with the cost, the gain to the individual and to the nation would be enormous. Who will help some of the best and bravest of Englishmen to make a fresh start?

SIDNEY CAULFIELD.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES AND INCOME-TAX.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—"The Looker-on" credits me, on 27th ult., with being willing to contemplate calmly the extinction of all except my own school of thought, and with being gravely disturbed at the suggestion that co-operators may be asked to contribute their equitable share to the upkeep of their country.

If this correspondent had read with any care the co-operative correspondence—for which you, sir, have been good enough to find room—he would have seen that I was not gravely or otherwise disturbed at the suggestion that income-tax should be levied on co-operative dividends. On the contrary, I calmly pointed out what such a levy would mean to a co-operator who spent £50 annually in purchases at his store branch. The comparatively small result shown in a typical individual case must have convinced every shopkeeper that it could have little or no retarding effect on the onward march of co-operation.

Co-operators' dividends are chiefly due (1) to their personally contributing the necessary capital; (2) to their combining together to produce, or purchase uncompetitively, and on a vast scale, by means of a wholesale society the leading commodities required by the membership and thereby securing the considerable advantages always accorded to large purchasers; (3) to their being able through having already an assured clientele to avoid the payment of high rents in popular and fashionable thoroughfares for advertisement purposes and the attraction of passing custom; (4) to their declining to undertake the immediate delivery of goods which unthinking housewives had neglected to procure before the time of actual requirement; (5) to their payment of cash for all purchases and by that means escaping loss—often considerable by bad debts; and (5) to their employment of assistants only in such numbers as are required to attend to the wants of waiting members or messengers within a reasonable time, and not in numbers sufficient to give instant attention to every impatient or casual customer.

It is the collective self-provision of these and other things which renders possible the dividends which have roused the envy of competing shopkeepers. But such provision even shopkeepers with their knowledge of what their own customers expect of them will admit involves considerable self-sacrifice on the part of co-operators.

Does "The Looker-on" consider it reasonable to ask co-operators to regard it as a delightful patriotic privilege to pinch and save in order that co-operative dividends may gladden by their height assessors and collectors of income-tax plunged into gloom by the astounding general absence of assessable profits amongst the co-operators' and lesser shopkeeping competitors?

No. 18358 ST. CUTHBERT'S CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, EDINBURGH.

THE BULL AND THE SERPENT.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Human experience ranging over thousands of years has aptly associated the bull with strength and its concomitant attributes, while it has endowed the serpent with the opposite qualities of subtlety, cunning and finesse. Human life is a wonderful mixture of different forces, and the science of Nature affords plenty of scope for the action and interaction of all. To a being more advanced that ourselves, the present world-struggle would perhaps only supply a suitable illustration of the logical result of causes working for a long time—quietly and subtly till the visible results were seen. This superior being might dismiss the subject from his mind with the casual remark that the bull is really a stupid fellow, for no other creature would have allowed the serpent to make such elaborate preparations for the attack, and that too under his own nose.

The bull is by no means a fool—he simply does not understand the nature of the serpent, he cannot realise the actual meaning of these wrigglings and twistings and dartings to and fro and in and out. The next step in the education of the bull is to teach him the meanings of the movements which the serpent makes. Forewarned is forearmed. Here is no question of good and evil, right and wrong, but simply of attack and defence in a mortal combat which must be fought right out. This is the great lesson which the bull must impress upon his mind, for the serpent, when hard pressed, will call heaven and earth to witness that it was always, and always will be, a dove who ardently loved the bull.

But the facts are unanswerable. They are plain as daylight and those who run may see—provided they open their eyes. The difficulty is to get them to open their eyes. If, as is certain, Germany is going to be defeated in arms, what then? Is it likely that she will change the very nature she has carefully fostered for the last sixty years? Till lately was there a single word from her leaders to show the slightest consideration for the rest of humanity? Not one word. Now the tone is changing, and soon we shall hear beautiful sentiments from the Kaiser and the rest expressing a desire for peace and goodwill among the nations. We have heard of the simpletons who cry "Peace, Peace," when there is no peace.

It was said by an American journalist that the effect of the Pope's Peace Note on the Italian soldiers was deplorable, and many writers have publicly stated that the Italian débâcle in the autumn was very largely due to the insidious propaganda carried on in the ranks of the soldiers who were fighting for their country. To those versed in the subtle influence of suggestion this is not at all an impossibility, for an idea is a motive power for good and evil, and can be used skilfully by those who know how to wield the power. Whether Germany is working secretly with the Jesuits for the downfall of Britain and the Entente is a vexed question. But I should like to put a very straight question: Why is the Vatican unrelentingly hostile to Britain? Why are the Catholic majorities in Ireland, Canada, Australia, etc., bitterly opposed to the welfare of the British Empire? Does anyone in his senses pretend to argue that the Vatican Authority could not foster, if it suited its policy, a feeling of loyalty and devotion, instead of antagonism and disunion among its adherents? If the ready answer is given that the Church is a spiritual organisation, not a political body, well and good. Why then does it interfere so much and so disloyally in politics? Why have the Jesuits been banished from one country after another? I am far from preaching religious intolerance; but religious liberty does not necessarily connote political machinations, and the bull may take a leaf out of the book of wisdom of the serpent, and put the latter a straight question: "What do you mean?"

Yours, etc.,

MAYFAIR.

"THE SERBIAN POINT OF VIEW."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to correct some of the misrepresentations as published in your esteemed paper of the 20th inst., under the title "The Serbian Point of View." The mere fact that these misrepresentations were allowed to be published anonymously will serve as a comfort to the Serbian nation who sacrificed everything she had in this deadly struggle for freedom and civilization. The anonymous author of the "Serbian Point of View" seems to have a fairly good idea of the Serbian history, and indeed, such an idea gives him full right to study it again very carefully.

We are pointing to this fact not to excuse ourselves but to show that the history of all the civilized nations developed itself in a similar guise. Moreover, the real cause of the murder of the last Obrenovitch does not lie in the internal struggle but in the interference of the great European Powers in our purely internal affairs, and finally in the policy of the Obrenovitch Dynasty, a policy which was based upon a close friendship with

Austria-Hungary and upon an autocratic régime. It is not quite clear whether this "authority" on the Serbian history knows that a secret Convention was concluded in 1881 between Prince Milan (the father of King Alexander Obrenovitch) and Austria-Hungary according to which Serbia bound herself to permit a free passage to the Austro-Hungary Armies through the Valley of the Morava; also to renounce her claims upon the 7,000,000 of her people living under the yoke of Austria-Hungary.

As a compensation for all these benefits Austria-Hungary bound herself to protect the Obrenovitch Dynasty, a Dynasty whose representative, King Alexander, inaugurated a regime of corruption and court intrigues which made every Serbian blush. As a result of a purely personal policy, Serbia was shamefully bound to be the handmaid of the German Policy and her designs in the East. There is no need for us to tell the anonymous author of "The Serbian point of view" that if this deplorable tragedy had not happened, to-day Serbia would be not fighting with this country against the world's outlaws but with them. The Central Powers therefore did not hide their great disappointment at the arrival of King Peter in Serbia, and his election by the great National Assembly as the ruler of Serbia. Austria-Hungary as well as Germany were almost sure that the Secret Convention concluded between them and Prince Milan would not be approved by the new ruler of Serbia. Both Powers—Austria-Hungary and Germany—were alarmed at the future prospects of the "Drang nach Osten" and started a campaign of discrediting not only the new ruler and regime but also the whole Serbian nation. The Correspondenz Bureau and Wolf's Agency were the sources from which emanated coloured and alarming news which painted Serbia as "A black spot in Europe" and a country which ought to be wiped out.

Almost immediately before the tragedy of the 11th June, many of the European newspapers published long articles relating to Court scandals of Draga Mashine and the camouflage birth of the new Crown Prince, which made Serbia an object of derision. But as soon as this comedy of the Court of Belgrade ceased to be an object of sardonic smiles and mockery, these representatives of European public opinion turned their coats, demanding the banishment and secularisation of the whole of the Serbian nation, a nation whose splendid history and achievements in the past secured the development of the European civilization. To speak to-day of Serbia and the Serbian nation as a cause not only of this great war but also as a cause of the deposition of the late Sulton Abdul Hamid, is more than ridiculous in view of the latest revelations made by Muelhon, Prince Lichnowsky and Mr. Morgentau.

When speaking of the tragedy of the 11th June, let me tell the anonymous author of "The Serbian point of view" that the late King Alexander himself chose this course of ruin on the very day when he married Draga Mashine. As for the King himself, he made himself famous by the suppression, in a single night, of the Constitution, of Judicial independence, the freedom of the Press and Meetings; in a single night he changed arbitrarily all the members of the Council of State, the members of the Supreme States Control, also the members of the Court of Appeal, and all the members of the High Court of Justice. Under this new reactionary constitution the new elections for the Parliament were ordered and executed under the utmost pressure of the police forces and corruption. The aims of the Court and especially of Queen Draga Mashine were to secure a vote of Parliament which would enable her to declare her brother, then a young Lieutenant, as Crown Prince of Serbia, in spite of his scandalous behaviour.

The public excitement attained its highest pitch when it was revealed that the Queen's maternity was a shameless trick intended to throw dust in the eyes of the Serbian people. This artfulness of Draga Mashine was discovered by a famous Russian specialist sent to Belgrade, by the order of the Tzar Nicholas who was invited to be a Godfather to the would-be Crown-Prince. In fact the child was not hers but that of her sister.

Serbia was in a pitiful position. The States officials and officers did not receive their pay for months and months, and extreme disorganisation prevailed in all lines of public life.

On March 23rd a great and sanguinary demonstration took place in the streets of Belgrade on the occasion on which the King's portrait was burned and a stormy protest raised against his reactionary policy. Meanwhile, Serbia became an object of mockery in foreign countries, on the stage, and in comic papers.

It should have been known to the author of "The Serbian point of view" that the arrival of King Peter in Serbia was enthusiastically greeted everywhere where the Serbs lived. On passing through Vienna in 1903, he was greeted by the united Serbian-Croatian and Slovene students with the cries: "Long live the Jugoslav King." Only to his wise and constitutional policy the Serbian nation have to be grateful for the great rennaissance and splendid efforts which Serbia has shown from 1912 up till to-day.

I am not, in principle, for capital punishment in general and for the political murders in particular, but I think you will be kind enough to allow me to state that the Serbian Nation is not guilty or responsible for this tragedy; that Serbia and her Nation bore the greatest sacrifices in this war and at the same time acquired the greatest glory. Three times the Serbian Army defeated the Armies of a great European Power, and lost—through fighting and the barbarous regime of the Austrians, Bulgars and Germans—a third of her population. In spite of the fact that Serbia was three times offered peace proposals and territorial compensation, the Serbian Army is fighting to-day side by side with its Allies on the Salonica Front. After the great tragedy of the Albanian Alps and a retreat unexampled in the world's history, the Serbian Army stormed the mountain peak of Kaymachalan, capturing 88,000 Bulgarians and 80 guns. And the Serbian Army will fight until the bitter end for the great aim of the Serbian Nation—the unification of all the Croats, Serbians and Slovenes.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
YORAN TANOVITCH.

46, Stanhope Gardens, S.W. 7.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In my opinion a League of Nations would not become fully operative unless the world adopted some universal language and also made it compulsory in schools. "Esperanto" seems to meet the case, and adding to this if the Eastern Hemisphere were joined up by a system of railways, starting with the Dover to Calais tunnel and another at Gibraltar, and connecting Ireland and the Isle of Wight to the mainland, then I think the people living at that time would be more peaceful, if not entirely contented and happy.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. 1. D. R. BROADBENT.

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REVIEWS.

AN EXTINCT VOLCANO.

Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle, edited with an introduction by A. M. D. Hughes, M.A. Oxford Clarendon Press. 4/6 net.

THIS is a Clarendon Press reprint of what the editor describes as "the sum and substance of Carlyle's teaching in politics." 'Past and Present' was written in 1843, when the Condition-of-England question was urgent; when Chartism was fermenting; and when Disraeli was beginning his trilogy on the same subject, 'Coningsby,' 'Sybil' and 'Tancred.' Carlyle was wont to denounce Disraeli as "a Hebrew Conjuror," though both men were working for the same end, the overthrow of Utilitarianism by a system of paternal State Socialism. For the political student it is interesting to compare the different methods of the two writers, the one using the novel, the other the pamphlet or magazine article, as his vehicle. Disraeli, when Prime Minister, thirty years later, offered Carlyle, in return for his abuse, a knighthood of the bath, which was declined. The novelist beat the pamphleteer every time: 'Sybil' will be read when 'Past and Present' is forgotten, for "truth embodied in a tale" will live when "truth in closest words shall fail," and Carlyle's words are not very close.

The best part of this volume is the introduction by Mr. Hughes, an accurate and informative historic *précis* of the "hungry forties," and at the same time a sympathetic and judicial estimate of Carlyle's teaching, if indeed that name can be applied to a series of essays, which Mr. Hughes admits are sketchy, and which are not more than incoherent denunciations of the evils of the time. For one or two flashes of rhetoric we remain grateful to Carlyle, such as, "democracy is a self-cancelling business, and ends in zero." What constructive philosophy there was in these early writings, has either been discredited, or become part and parcel of our daily life. His industrial regimentation is purely Prussian in conception, and not likely to find favour in the eyes of modern trade-unionists or shop-stewards. The State Socialism of which he was the impassioned apostle has been adopted with a vengeance. The "forties" were a backwash from the popular insurrection which carried the first Reform Bill. The new Poor Law and the reform of the municipal corporations were a kind of secondary or domestic revolution: and the transition period, before the arrival of the Victorian trade boom, was bitter indeed. But Carlyle is an extinct volcano. He will not interest the present or the next generation for very good reasons. His prophecies and preaching are slashing journalism, a torrent of invective in a new-fangled style (imitated from the German writers) against the abuses of his day, which have long ago disappeared. There is nothing of the classical, enduring element in 'Past and Present,' in 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' or in any of these political essays. They were very effective at the time: the style caught on; the social evils were rampant. But take away the target, and the arrows, shot in the air will seem to fall aimlessly to the ground. The two main topics of Carlyle's denunciation were the Manchester school of traders, 'Plugson of Undershot,' and a game-preserving aristocracy. Both have vanished. Bentham and Stuart Mill, Bright, and Cobden, are mere names to the youth of to-day: the doctrine of Laissez-faire is an empty phrase. The partridge-slaying, shot-belted, aristocracy are now poor, powerless, and many of them killed in the war, having been deprived by the Act of 1888 of most of their magisterial functions. We cannot therefore advise young men to spend much time over 'Past and Present' or 'Latter-Day Pamphlets.' Lovers of words will read them, as they will read the Letters of Junius, for the abuse is picturesque and pungent: but moral or political value these essays have little or none. Carlyle, like Macaulay, was not a critic, or a philosopher, or a prophet; he had not the balance of mind, or the knowledge of the world, necessary for these functions. But he was, like Macaulay, a superb narrator, and, like Ruskin, he was a consummate painter in language. His 'Frederick the Great' nobody will read, probably, for the next hundred years, when somebody will rewrite it by the light of a disillusioned Socialism and a discounted democracy. But Carlyle's French Revolution, exaggerated and inaccurate though it may be, will be read and re-read as the most vivid picture yet presented of an event of undying interest to mankind.

THE BALKANS.

Roumania. By Mrs. Will. Gordon. Lane, 10s. net.
Montenegro. By Alex. Devine. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
Macedonian Musings. By V. J. Seligman. Allen & Unwin, 5s. net.

THAT omnivorous person, the general reader, cannot fairly complain that his demand for Balkan literature is not being met by an adequate supply. Of the three books before us, Mrs. Will. Gordon's and Mr. Devine's contain accurate accounts, both historical and social, of Roumania and Montenegro respectively, and of their calamities during the present war. The third, Mr. Seligman's, though devoted for the most part to camp humours, gives illuminating glimpses of the situation on the Salonica front, which reacted, in the case of Roumania, on the fortunes of that luckless State. The batch of smallish volumes, therefore, though unhappily of little present moment, is worth keeping on one's shelves for future reference.

Past history tends to become submerged by the onrush of catastrophic events, though much of interest is to be discovered in the Roman-Dacian origin of the Roumanians; the Turkish oppression and the rule of the Levantine Phanariots, the rush to the rescue of Plevna and the scurvy treatment of her ally by Russia at the Congress of Berlin. Montenegro, too, presents the peculiar feature of a line of prince-bishops, with the descent going to nephews, until sanctity was dropped, and they became just ordinary chieftains. And the Black Mountain also fought indomitably against the Porte, and won the praise of Tennyson, who wrote:—

> "O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
> Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
> Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years."

But it may be suspected that both Mrs. Gordon's and Mr. Devine's readers will pass rapidly over their historical sketches, and dwell on their descriptions of Roumania and Montenegro as the war found them. Mrs. Gordon knows Bucharest well, and gives an animated picture of its agreeable, Gallicized society, while discreetly hinting that morals were not precisely its strong point. Alone of the Balkan States, Roumania could boast an aristocracy, which maintained hospitality on a lavish scale, and left its estates to be managed by overseers, who were frequently Jews. The lot of the Roumanian labourers was confessedly hard. His plot of land was not sufficient for his sustenance, and he had to hire himself out at starvation wages. We agree with Mrs. Gordon that royal promises will have to be fulfilled. Give the peasantry in those parts Wyndham Land Acts, and we should not hear nearly so much about the "right of self-determination." Still the Roumanians supported their privations with cheerful hearts, unlike the dour Bulgarians across the frontier. They were fond of the dance, and, as "Carmen Sylva" has taught us, of song, and of weird gipsy music. But elemental as they were, the Montenegrins were more primitive still. Anyone who has visited that picturesque village, Cettinje, will remember the fine old King, patriarchally seated in his porch to listen to complaints, while his male subjects, arrayed in costumes that might have been designed by Clarkson, sauntered about the neighbouring heights with rifles slung on their backs. So far as a Westerner could discover, all the work that was done in Montenegro fell to those patient drudges, the women.

As the world knows, Montenegro rushed chivalrously into the war at the call of Serbia, whereas Greece,

under the sinister guidance of King Constantine, ignored its treaty obligations. Upon Montenegro the blows fell swiftly enough. There was the spectacular advance, which promised so well, right up to Serajevo. Then the Austrians got ready, and the Montenegrins, with 5,000 men and 50 guns, mostly antiquated Krupps, no transport and no ambulance, to defend Mount Lovtchen, were helpless. The positions fell, and all was over. The disaster has left much bad blood behind it, and Montenegrin resentment is reflected in Mr. Devine's pages. Why did not the Allies, why did not Italy, come to the rescue? The answers are that Italy had commitments elsewhere, notably in Albania, and that the Allies had no digested plan whatever, though their statesmen falsely asserted that every contingency had been guarded against. A second set of accusations affects the good faith of individuals, especially the poor old King, now in exile. Mr. Devine roundly asserts that these charges emanate from a knot of politicians, who, bitten by the Jugo-Slav notion, wish to abolish the independence of Montenegro. But no adequate reason can be advanced for the obliteration of a brave little kingdom by a vast visionary State which may never emerge from the region of a coffee-house debate.

The world is also aware that Roumania hesitated long, and then plunged into the war at a moment which seemed propitious, but which proved a profound miscalculation. Queen Marie contributes three eloquent introductory chapters to the various sections of Mrs. Gordon's book, in which the hopes, fears and despair of those tremendous days find revived expression. 'I think," she proudly writes, "that few Queens have had the privilege to get so near their people." We note that the departing troops hailed her as "Empress of all the Roumanians." Mrs. Gordon does not deal very explicitly with that rush into Transylvania. We gather that Roumania intervened under strong pressure from the Stuermer Ministry of Russia, which almost assumed the form of an ultimatum. Further, she hints that Stuermer so acted at the instigation of Germany, who wished to smash Roumania before she was ready for war. But that argument is diluted by another which contends that the army was too weak for an expedition to the south. We suspect that the fatal lure of unredeemed Roumania, which figured so prominently in the King's declaration of war, was the deciding factor, Stuermer or no Stuermer. Anyhow, the Roumanians reckoned without the Bulgarians and without Mackensen, and dire were the consequences. We will leave Mrs. Gordon's readers to sympathise with her admirably written chapters on the campaign, even now so imperfectly understood in this country, on the horrors of the flight of the population of Bucharest in the depth of winter to Jassy, and on General Averescu's stout-hearted reorganisation of the army, which Bolshevik treachery rendered of no avail. And so another little nation is left broken-hearted, and the Kaiser crows over his victories in the East. *Quamdiu Domine*!

It is tragic to find that in their desperation the Roumanians looked for succour from Salonica. As Mr. Seligman conveys, such a move was quite out of the question. Until diplomacy had lethargically reckoned with King Constantine, the position of the allied forces was indeed precarious, and the snatching of the Pétra pass from the teeth of the Royalist army came not a moment too soon. But Mr. Seligman does not affect to be regarded as a serious strategist. He treats military matters from—shall we say, Mr. George Robey's point of view?—and the vieux marcheur will chuckle over his night at the White Tower Theatre. What memories it evokes! He brings out, too, with no small skill, the characteristics of the officers who make up the command of the motley expedition. But we are constrained to confess that for an exhibitioner of New College, Oxford, Mr. Seligman has allowed his classics to become prematurely rusty, or that he does not read his proofs as proofs should be read. That ancient howler, "nascitur ridiculus mus," positively yells at us.

LITTLE VICTIMS.

Political Education at a Public School by Victor Gollancz and David Somervell. London: W. Collins Sons and Co. 3/6 net.

WE are ready to admit that the education at our public schools has not been reasonably good in point of book-learning, though its training in the best code of conduct has been, and, we hope, will continue to be, invaluable, and the envy of surrounding nations. The public school syllabus, we further concede, will have to be changed in order to fit our young barbarians for a much fiercer struggle for existence than ever their happier sires had to face. But of all the objectionable and inept proposals for reforming the education of our public schools we must award the palm to the scheme of teaching boys politics. Macaulay's schoolboy, as we all remember, was a pundit of legal historical and literary lore: what cocksure Tom knew, and nobody else, or few others knew, was invariably described by that polymath as "something every schoolboy knows," such as the names of Popes, or the date of the Lisbon earthquake. Had such a prodigy as Macaulay's schoolboy ever existed, he would have been an intolerable prig, unless he happened to be a genius like the historian himself, or an overcrammed receptacle like poor Stuart Mill. The ten or eleven years spent in trying to learn the prosody and accidence of Greek and Latin are for nine boys out of ten pure waste of time, except as a mental gymnastic. And the mental athletics might be indulged in some useful subject, such as chemistry, geology, modern languages.

All these points are now admitted; by all means let our boys be taught history, geography, and above all arithmetic, which is the science of life, but wholly neglected at our public schools. If they do take up Latin and Greek, let boys in the upper forms, say in the fifth form, be allowed to use translations, such as Grote's and Jowett's, so that they may take some interest in the admirable speeches in Thucydides, or follow the story in Livy, or Tacitus, or the Sicilian

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Expedition. But for God's sake don't let them be contaminated by politics at that early age! Politics are the quarrels of men, not of boys. Clever boys will learn their politics for themselves, out of school hours, and will discuss them at "Pop" or the school debating society. To teach the average stupid boy politics, as Messrs. Gollancz, and Somervell propose, as part of his school curriculum, would produce intolerable results. Fancy some imp of fifteen or sixteen assailing the author of his being, a court-worn barrister or "rattled" stockbroker, at his evening meal: "Father, I think Lord Bryce's bill for the reform of the House of Lords radically unsound," etc., etc.: or suddenly asking his mother, who, good, easy woman, is revolving in her mind the merits and cost of a coat and skirt she has seen that afternoon at Debenhams; "Mother, what is your opinion of the Trading with the Enemy Bill?" God forbid that our boys should learn these things even from the lips of Messrs. Gollancz and Somervell! Let them not know that such things as politics exist, unless they find it out for themselves: let them enjoy some youthful banquets unpolluted by the Harpies of Westminster: they will meet them soon enough.

"Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate."

We trust that our little victims may continue to play for many generations, regardless of the doom of one day falling into the hands of such ministers of fate as Messrs. Gollancz and Somervell, who will teach them politics.

YORKSHIRE IN THE MAKING.

The Making of Modern Yorkshire. By J. S. Fletcher, London. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

INDUSTRIAL Yorkshire, to the native, means the West Riding. Hull is its port. Cleveland belongs to Durham and sleepy old York produces only cocoa and conscientious objectors. Yorkshire's industrial growth has been rapid, ugly and all devouring. Take as base a line from Hull to the Lancashire border with Sheffield for the apex and you have a triangle of smoky valleys, blasted hill-sides and grimy fields. Ironstone is plentiful and coal everywhere; rushing streams which in the old days turned the mill-wheel, to-day feed engine-boilers and dye, scour and cleanse the cloth. West Riding folk are a curious mixture, hard and dour money-getters and yet instinct with sport, treating religion as a useful handmaid to politics and politics as a relaxation from the daily grind. The countryside, to the stranger, seems one vast straggling mass of streets and factories, pits and furnaces, yet life centres round a number of narrow circles, each to the native full of corporate zeal and individuality. Sheffield spells steel and Bradford wool, but Leeds, luckier, has a mixture of trades and therefore never quite slumps as do some of its neighbours. Close placed as these cities are they know little of one another and care less. The native race has a strong power of assimilation, Bradford's German immigrants and the Polish Jews of Leeds, though still they come, are swallowed in the mass which remains as broad in speech as slow to change opinion and custom.

Rapid as the industrial growth of modern Yorkshire has been, we doubt if the wonder is greater than can be claimed by Birmingham, Tyneside, Clydebank and Lancashire. Yorkshire started with very potent advantages—a soil charged with coal and iron and lime for the burning; clean and ever-running water caught from the clouds on the hill-tops; hardy thrifty folk, slow in speech and patient at work, coal getters for generations and spinners and weavers of their dalesmen's wool for centuries. Small wonder that when machinery came, after a few first prejudices, full advantage was taken of it. One generation sufficed to collect the scattered population into the village of the river-valleys, another for the growth of a monopoly of foreign trade, and to expand these villages into busy towns, the third, to day, to give us our Yorkshire millionaires—and their inevitable complement—a bitter proletariat. New and subsidiary industries usually spring from centres which can supply them with their raw material: so in Yorkshire a generation ago, unlimited cloth and clever machine makers gave Barran of Leeds his opportunity to introduce ready-made clothing. Waste from combed wools, sweepings from factory floors, and cuttings from cloth set thrifty minds thinking—the result to-day is seen in the big shoddy industry of Dewsbury, Batley and the Colne Valley. Skill in design and dyeing has been unceasingly applied to this waste material and it is now worked up into beautiful, if transient fabrics, in which many a London lady fondly imagines she can trace the peat-reek of a Scottish tweed. So before the war, fine lengths of Bradford dress goods journeyed to Paris for a French ticket and thence back to London whose merchants, Yorkshire truly says, are good judges of poor cloth. To-day wool may be grown on a Yorkshire hill-side, and until it leaves the Army Clothing Depôt at Leeds as uniform, never go further than a day's walk. The West Riding is fortunate in the juxta-position of its trades. Men and boys find work in pit, machine-shop and foundry, women and girls a good living in the textile factories. So the family becomes the earning unit, and in addition to tiding over hard times enables the parents to put by for their old age. This is one of the reasons why Yorkshire and Lancashire object to what they call "fancy" education: both believe too firmly in the discipline of work begun in childhood.

Mr. Fletcher rightly calls attention to Yorkshire thrift. It was strong, very strong, until Lloyd-Georgeism set about killing it. Building and Friendly Societies, Savings Banks and Co-operative Stores are thickly scattered over the countryside and many a self-made Yorkshireman has learned the rudiments of public work in his local lodge or as a co-operative manager. In such a medium it might be thought that co-partnership in production would find great opportunity, yet



non-transferable and bonus shares are an anathema to machine-shop and factory alike. Recently a local philanthropist gave to eight of his workpeople as a parting gift on the sale of his business, a five pound war bond: within half-an-hour the local chapel leader formed a small syndicate and rapidly bought up the bonds at ten shillings discount.

Mr. Fletcher's list of Yorkshire worthies is certainly Catholic, but we doubt if many have, or deserve, more than very local reputation. In Yorkshire, even to-day, the successful man springs from the people: Lister of Manningham being the only notable exception. Few Yorkshire businesses have seen their founder's third generation. In textiles we can recall only Foster, Illingworth and Holden. Still Sheffield has in this way a far better record, though the older names, excepting that of Firth, are little known outside Hallamshire.

We do not share Mr. Fletcher's admiration for his Victorian nonconformists. Those gentlemen hated their political opponents far more than they loved God, and the conversion of their chapels into Radical committee rooms has done more than anything else to make nonconformity the dry and withered tree it is to-day. Nor is it correct that Alfred Illingworth was constantly pressed to take "high" office; what Gladstone could be induced to consider was much below Illingworth's estimate of his own qualifications—and the leader, so report says, was never forgiven. We much prefer Mr. Fletcher's other citation—W. E. Forster—whose memory deserves more than the simple record of his name. Some day, we hope, Mr. Fletcher will tackle Yorkshire in war-time; these few years are more wonderful in energy and enterprise than all that have gone before.

THE ANALYTICAL MECHANISM OF THE INTERNAL EAR.

An Enquiry into the Analytical Mechanism of the Internal Ear. By Sir Thomas Wrightson, Bart., Memb. Inst. C.E. With an Appendix on the Anatomy of the parts concerned by Arthur Keith, M.D., F.R.S. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

THE object of this original and interesting book is to test the existing theories of the transmission of sound, and to substitute for the German theory, so long current, another and more scientific explanation, in which the results of engineering experience are brought to bear on the mechanism of the ear.

How are sound waves converted into auditory stimuli? The German view, strongly supported by Helmholtz, is that sound vibrations through the cochlea are transmitted on the principle of resonance, a theory severely criticised by anatomists of the modern school. In place of this unsatisfactory explanation, Sir Thomas Wrightson puts forward an alternative theory of his own, based on the the measurements of the wave forms of tones, both simple and compound. Sir Thomas has observed that whereas in some sound waves, the crests and hollows of the wave forms are periodic and equidistant, those of compound waves are variable. Consequently, "if the crossing points of the compound curve in the axis were regarded as impulse points as well as the maxima and minima of the crests and hollows, there were revealed to the eye numerous systems of consecutive impulses which not only satisfied the requirements of individual frequency for the simple tones, but also systems of impulses which were necessary to produce the differential and summational tones," (p. vi), the agencies in such cases being "the displacement of the liquid in the cochlea and the movements of the basilar membrane as affected by the areas of the passages." Here, clearly, is where the engineer's experience comes in. He is dealing with such problems on a large scale every day of his life. But much has been left to the scientist's experience in anatomical problems, and Sir Thomas Wrightson shows us how he has tried "to follow the sequence of every change of pressure and displacement in the liquid particles between the stapes and the nerve terminations" with the same acumen as he has applied to problems more obviously professional.

The book starts from Sir John Herschel's definition of harmony, and works out, with consummate skill, the problems of the harmonic curves and the increasing perception of the relations of tones and harmonies throughout the history of music; this chapter indeed may be recommended to the attention of professional musicians, who too often know nothing of the physical laws of harmony. Chapter II starts with an account of the Ohmograph, an instrument designed by Sir Thomas Wrightson, "to produce and record the curves of sines on a long sheet of paper, one simple wave form being produced at the upper edge of the sheet, another at the lower edge, and between them the compound wave forms of the two tones." This is followed by an account of the construction of the cochlea, and the effect of tension and pressure on the sound organs, and the chapter ends with an addendum (summarising the conclusions of an earlier work) setting forth particulars of the impulses shown by diagrams for different musical intervals, and explaining the scientific reasons for the harmonic or inharmonic character of the intervals, to our ears.

Hearing, then, is a tactile sense, and the problem of tactile motions, as converted into nerve impulses, is approached by the author "from the point of view of an engineer who has an intricate machine presented to him which accomplishes certain work, and for which a mechanical explanation is asked" (p. 73). The value of the practical mind brought to bear on scientific problems is admirably illustrated by the author's working models of the stapes of the ear (p. 89), and the importance of the part played as he shows, by the hairlets in the transmission of sound, may be singled out as of interest even to the layman. The fourth chapter leads up to the statement (p. 134) that the motions of liquid displacement are carried to the solids in suspension, and these will vibrate with the liquid in

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a way they could not do if suspended in air; and to the summary of the theory propounded, viz., the action of pure and compound tones travelling along the air route till they arrive at the tympanum, and the subsequent history of their momentum, according to the phases through which they are passing, and the relations of the impulses at the air wave, stapes, basilar membrane and hairlet respectively, as the air waves flow forward into the cochlea, whose action is compared with that of a hydraulic engine.

The book concludes with Dr. Keith's letter requesting permission to add an Appendix to the work dealing with the Anatomy of the Internal Ear, and the Appendix itself, a valuable statement, fully illustrated with diagrams of the actual facts and of the various explanations put forward to meet them. We commend the work of the attention of our readers, lay and professional, and thank its author for the light thrown upon an obscure and much-discussed subject.

We should like to add that we closed this book with a sensation of self-congratulation that the nation possesses men who not only direct, with credit to themselves and British industry, great commercial undertakings, but who are also able to produce a book like this, requiring, as it does, knowledge and learning of the most profound description. Knowing Sir Thomas Wrightson's energy and enthusiasm in any work to which he puts his hand, we feel pleasure in paying a tribute of respect to a man whose personal ability is a valuable national asset.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Reprints and renderings of masterpieces in all languages, under the title of the Sheldonian Series, are being published by B. H. Blackwell at Oxford, at the price of 2s. 6d. net, under the editorship of Mr. Reginald Hewitt. They recall in size and general appearance some productions of the Eragny Press of Mr. Pissarro, and their type is more or less of the character of William Morris's 'Golden' type. The printing is well arranged on the page, and the effect of the blue and black is quite satisfactory. The three booklets issued so far are 'Songs and sayings of Walther von der Vogelweide,' Englished by Frank Betts; Hobbes's version of the Funeral Speech of Pericles, which we noticed on July 13th; and 'Ballades of Francis Villon,' interpreted into English verse by Paul Hookham. We cannot feel that Mr. Hookham's translation is worthy of the form in which it is published; it is remarkable neither for close fidelity to the original nor for choiceness of diction, while it exposes the author to comparisons with predecessors which his work will not bear. However, all who love beautiful books will be well advised to obtain these dainty volumes.

'Russian Accentuation,' by E. G. Underwood (Blackie, 3s. 6d. net), contains a very useful collection of simple rules on the tonic accent, designed for the use of elementary students of the language. As most works for students neglect the subject altogether, apparently imagining that, like reading and writing, it comes by nature, the book should be welcome. Mr. Underwood has also drawn up a 'Russian Notebook' (Blackie, 3s 6d. net), in which students may enter difficulties met with in speaking, writing, or reading Russian under their appropriate headings. It should prove useful.

Selections of Russian Poetry, edited, with notes, by B. A. Rudzinsky and Stella Gardiner (Blackie, 2s. 6d. net), is a collection of typical Russian lyrics from Karamzin to Sologub, with English translations of a severely literal kind. The statement that "no volume of Russian poetry has been published for British students up to the present time" overlooks the fact that Mr. P. Selver published last year 'Modern Russian Poetry, texts and translations' (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net) in a form preferable in some respects, since the rendering is on the opposite page to the original. The text seems generally correct, though there is an evident misprint in the last word of p. 67, l. 8. The choice of lyrics is fine, and will give the reader some idea of the wealth of the literature in this respect, hardly second to our own.

'An Introduction to the History of Science,' by Walter Libby (Harrap, 5s. net), is a work which may safely be put into the hands of any inquiring boy or girl with the certainty of interesting them and full security that they will not be misled by any of the statements of fact or theory contained in it. His account of Mediæval Science is the weakest chapter in the book, which is well planned and efficiently written, and free from excessive detail. We regret to see that he does not give the source of his illustrations, a secretive habit long since abandoned in first-class works. The bibliographies at the end of each chapter are of quite unequal value. We can recommend this work almost without reserve.



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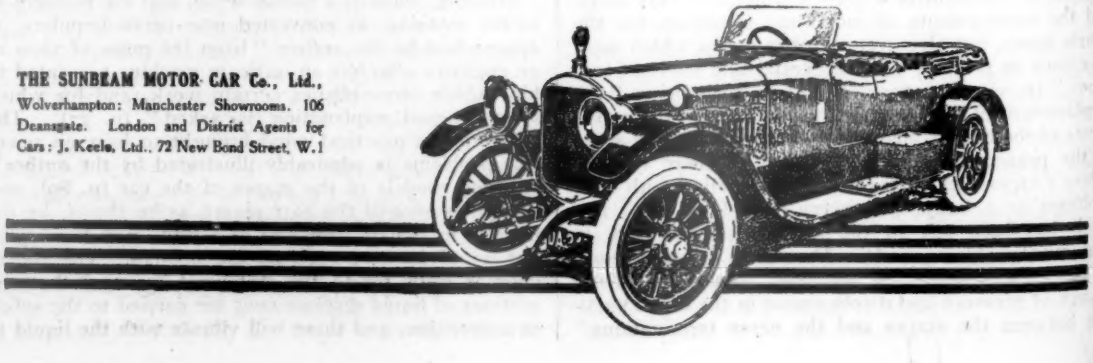
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'Blackwood' for August (2s. 6d.) is an exceptionally good number, dealing mainly, of course, with war topics, though in 'Change of Air' we are told of a holiday in Labrador taken while on leave from the Sudan, and 'Not Under Full Administrative Control' describes the adventures of a political officer in a tropical protectorate. 'Musings Without Method' makes hay of the League of Nations, and exalts the great writers of the Victorian age—Tennyson, Dickens, Matthew Arnold and Disraeli. 'A Mobile X-Ray Section on the Italian Front' is a modest and interesting account of invaluable work under difficulties; "S. G." describes the work of the station-guides among our travelling soldiers; Klaxon gives some sea-pictures; Mr. Storer-Clouston brings his story to a finish and starts it again; and Mr. Ellison continues the story of his attempted escapes.

'The National Review' for August (3s. net) has as its chief interest Mr. Maxse's reminiscences of the last days of peace, when the national honour was in the balance. His "indiscretions" are valuable, none the less for the sidelights they throw on the shortcomings of the party leaders at that critical moment. Mr. Gore's 'Vision of Paris in June, 1918,' is extremely well written, and noteworthy, were it only for the few lines in which he describes the French lady of birth. An article on Danebury revives the career of Lord George Bentinck, and the great days of racing, while Col. Repington writes on 'The Direction of War,' specially addressing himself to the American Army, and advocating armed intervention in Russia, with the view of encouraging a partisan war. Mr. Cornford writes on the law of search at sea, and Viscount Middleton on the War Cabinet.

'The Nineteenth Century for August' (3s.) contains nothing of outstanding interest. Mr. Dewar writes well and worthily of the spirit of 'The British Army in France' and Mr. Machray of 'America's Great War Effort.' Prof. Dicey has been reading Burke, and insists, as we have often done, on his political prescience. He applies his teaching more especially to the State of Russia, and to the nature of the dealings we should have with her. Sir Theodore Cook gives an account of the writings of Prof. Nicolai, who recently escaped to Denmark by aeroplane after a term of imprisonment for his 'Biology of the War,' and advocates its wider circulation. Mr. Bevan describes the new developments of German Socialist theory in a very clear way, fully refuting the assertion by the 'Nation' of their importance. Sir Francis Pigott draws attention to an almost incredible official mistranslation of a phrase in the Commercial Traty of Utrecht in 1783, which have been made the ground of an attack on the right of search, and vindicates our national policy. The only literary article is one on Patrick Branwell Bronte which endeavours, with some success, to say a good word for his character. There are also articles by Major-General Aston, Mr. Omond, Lord Sydenham, Capt. Gibbs, Sir J. D. Rees, and others.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

A History of the Collects (Frederick Armitage). Weare & Co. 4s. 6d. net.
Bismark (C. Grant Robertson). Constable & Co. 10s. 6d. net.
Conscience, Creeds and Critics (Rev. C. Emmet). Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.
Colleoni to the Rescue (M. M. Phillimore). 1s. net.
Democracy at the Cross Roads (M. D. Petre). Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.
Dr. Muehlon's Diary. Cassell's. 5s. net.
Faith and Freedom (Alfred Fawkes and Others). Macmillan. 6s. net.
Financial Denmark and The War. T. Mikkelsen & Co.
History's Background (J. S. Townsend & T. Franklin). Johnstone. 2s. net.
In Wheel-about and Cock-alone (Grace Rhys). Harrap. 5s. net.
Kipling the Story-teller (W. M. Hart). University of California Press.
Linguistic Oppression in the German Empire (Ernest Barker). Longmans. 6d. net.
New Italy (Helen Zimmern and Antonio Agresti). Constable. 6s. net.
New Zealand Official Year Book, 1917. Wellington, N.Z.
Social History of England (F. Bradshaw). University Tutorial Press, Ltd.
Synonyms and Antonyms (Edith B. Ordway). Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.
The Gospel of the Cross (J. R. Coates and Others). Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.
The Prussian Lash in Africa (Africanus). Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.
The Wanderers (Mary Johnston). Constable.
The Business of Finance (Hartley Withers). Murray. 6s. net.
The Little God (Katherine Howard). Harrap. 2s. 6d. net.
Victor Hugo (William Henry Hudson). Harrap. 1s. 6d. net.

THE CITY.

The declarations of interim dividends by the Home railway companies justify confidence in the results for the current year. Although the majority of lines are paying the same amounts as at this time last year, seven of the more important companies have increased their rates at this stage and so arouse hopes of enlarged dividends for the whole period. In the case of the Great Eastern and the Glasgow and the South Western intimation was given that the increases now were simply for the purpose of making a closer adjustment between the lean and the fat half years; but no such cautionary notice was given by the Midland, North Western, Great Western, North Eastern, or Brighton directors and it is assured that a more liberal dividend policy has been adopted. The generosity of the Boards is the more noteworthy in view of the statement by the North Western chairman at the beginning of the year that it was "impossible to pay more with the unknown in front of them" and the Great Western chairman's announcement that in view of the "uncertainties and possibilities of the future the board had come to the unalterable conclusion" that the course they had set out in the report (in refusing to increase the dividend) was the right and prudent one. Those remarks now appear to have applied only to 1917; otherwise the "unalterable" has been altered and the "impossible" achieved.

The date when England's orchard country will have been converted into a "black country" is conjectural; but there is nothing suppositious regarding the steady development of the Kent coal industry. Although for years hampered by public scepticism and discredited by reckless and opportunist finance Kent coal mining has survived in conditions which would have been fatal to a less stable industry and the time is approaching when commercial results may be expected. The Chislet Colliery in which the Venture Trust has a considerable interest has reached a stage of development at which prospects are practically assured. One shaft sunk to a depth of 1,400ft. has passed through nine seams of coal varying in width from 1 to 7 feet, to a total of 48 ft., and a second shaft already at a depth of 408 ft. will probably be completed early next year. In the first instance the seams running from 5 to 7 ft. in width will no doubt be worked. The coal is described as of good domestic quality and further developments will be watched with interest by all users of coal in the south-eastern counties. Had the industry been thoroughly developed ten years ago the fuel transport problem at the present time would probably present less difficulty.

The report of the South Metropolitan Gas Co. is an interesting commentary upon the recent Parliamentary debate on the Bill to give relief to Statutory undertakings. In order to pay the statutory sliding scale dividend at the rate of £3 4s. per annum (in contrast with £4 13s. 4d. a year ago) a further sum of £23,3[illegible] has to be drawn from reserve. The price of gas has been raised to 4s. per 1,000 ft. as compared with 2s. 2d. before the war, and another increase will have to be made next Michaelmas; but the dividend for the current half year will certainly be less than 2½ per cent. per annum. The relief proposed by the Government Bill by which a dividend of 3 per cent. may be paid on the ordinary stock as compared with 5½ per cent. before the war is, as the directors remark, a meagre recognition of the important help the company, in common with other gas undertakings, has given in the production of munitions of war and compares unfavourably with that accorded to other industries.

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The Chairman: Ladies and gentlemen,—I assume that, as on former occasions, we shall take the report and accounts as read. When we met last year we had reason for congratulating ourselves on the satisfactory financial results of the year 1916-17. This year, in spite of many unforeseen difficulties and constant Government restrictions, we are able to place before you the most satisfactory balance-sheet the directors have ever had the pleasure of presenting to the shareholders. (Applause). The gross trading profit for the year amounts to £605,330 4s. 10d., against £304,774 8s. 3d. last year, being an increase of £300,555 16s. 7d. We have written off for depreciation the sum of £22,318 3s. 6d.; we have placed £20,000 to pensions insurance fund and £1,000 to employees' insurance fund under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, and have carried forward £185,768 19s. 8d. This sum is subject to excess profits duty for the half-year to the 30th June, 1918, the amount of which has not yet been ascertained, but we believe will be about £130,000. You will, ladies and gentlemen, naturally look for the reasons for this increase in profit. Briefly stated, we have been rewarded for our customary foresight in making large purchases of the finest qualities of wines and spirits, as well as substantial stocks of brewing materials obtained in the best markets, and it is satisfactory to note that by this means we have gained the increased confidence of the general public, who have appreciated our efforts on their behalf, and the result, I am pleased to say, has been a very large increase in the receipts of our houses. (Applause). That is good news. Therefore, although the Government will benefit very substantially by the increase in excess profits duty—to which increase we have much pleasure in contributing—nevertheless it is highly gratifying to the directors to announce to their shareholders a record dividend and bonus of 30 per cent., which they feel must meet with their approval. (Applause.)

I now beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the preference shares and at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the half-year ended 30th June, 1918, together with a bonus of 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares out of the profits of that half-year, the dividends and bonus to be paid less tax and the warrants to be posted to-day.

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